

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. VII }

No. 3816 August 25, 1917

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VOL. COXCIV }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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## IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD THOMAS, KILLED IN ACTION.

Lover of England in the sun and rain,  
 Of the Welsh marches all the seasons  
 through,  
 No more by Taf-side will you walk  
 again  
 And pause to hearken till the dim  
 cuckoo  
 Calls nearer, wondering why his rich  
 refrain  
 Doth move men so, heard through  
 the May-time's blue,  
 Over the gorse-lands; now our hearts  
 have pain,  
 Knowing not here shall we encoun-  
 ter you.

Lover of England and her songs and  
 tales,  
 The westland meadows and the west-  
 land hills,  
 Borrow in pocket, wandering through  
 Wild Wales,  
 You knew the heath-wind flaunts  
 our little ills.  
 Of old inn-corners that from sudden  
 gales  
 Shelter the traveler, while the roads  
 turn rills,  
 You knew the glamour; how, when  
 day-light fails,  
 Dear candle-light the mellow cham-  
 ber fills.

Lover of England and the English  
 speech,  
 Of those who used in fealty to  
 recite  
 The old oak's story, or the marvel  
 teach  
 Of thrush at morning or of owl at  
 night,  
 You knew the charm of gold-encrusted  
 beech;  
 You knew where Cobbett eyed the  
 squire aright;  
 You gaily trudged the long white roads,  
 to reach  
 Old Selborne, for the sake of Gilbert  
 White.

Lover of England and the English  
 tongue,  
 How must they mourn you who did  
 know you well,  
 Who've heard you quote old runes our  
 fathers sung,  
 Or some new poet's song you had to  
 tell,  
 As 'twere a noose of words by genius  
 flung  
 Around Eternity. You, too, the  
 spell  
 Of words had skill in, and your phrases  
 rung  
 Full oft with beauty, like a limpid  
 bell.

And this to Britain, for such Britons  
 dead  
 For all we stood for in this time of  
 woes:  
 Britain, forget not why such blood was  
 shed  
 As his veins ran, who need not from  
 wild rose  
 In hedges of this isle, or daisies spread  
 For simple hearts, or any wind that  
 blows  
 Now ask for solace, wholly comforted  
 Beyond where Lethe through the  
 twilight flows.

*Frederick Niven.**The Saturday Review.*

## THE CUCKOO IN CAMP.

Dark elms in deep June heat,  
 Poppies blazing in wheat,  
 Dust in a windless street,  
 Silence. . . . And then  
 Unbelievable sweet,  
 Beyond all voices of spring,  
 You, from some copse unseen  
 Calling, calling. . . .  
 You, calling back the May,  
 Blackbirds singing all day,  
 My own Surrey lane  
 And brier budding green,  
 White-blown, virginal gean  
 And primroses in rain. . . .  
 O! and it's all of it gone,  
 And I sha'n't hear you again!

*Eric Parker.**The Spectator.*

## THOUGHTS ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

It was made possible by the great war-strain. Two and a half years' struggle with Germany wore out the system. It was so weak at last, and the revolutionaries so skilful, that there was no "bloody revolution." The Tsar was removed almost, as it were, by sleight of hand or magic. Suddenly the most mighty and mysterious monarch of the world, having fled from his capital, finds himself running about the streets of a wretched provincial town unattended, unreverenced, and without mien or bearing; looking like a bewildered townsman who had lost his way. He goes into a church full of peasants praying, falls on his knees and weeps, prays ardently aloud, and then through his tears asks forgiveness of the worshipers. But they for their part seem stupefied, not quite able to understand who he is or what he means. He goes out into the street once more. A company of soldiers passes: once they were Tsar-worshipers, making the sign of the cross after singing the national anthem—"God save the Tsar!" The emperor salutes them—"Hail, my fine fellows!" But they do not return his salute or answer to his words. The Tsar was a gentle and religious monarch. But had he been an Ivan Grozny or a Nero one would have thought that the spectacle of the "sacred person" abased would have evoked partisanship, the impulse of devotion, at least in some; the Tsar's tears would have started into armed men, and such a force risen behind him that the handful of daring idealists and Socialist agitators in Petrograd would have been swept away. But no! Fate and the circumstances of the time and the addition of war-sorrows and a strange glimmering light of new destiny intervened, making the peasant more

stupid, more blind, deaf, divided in himself. The revolution is accomplished without even the birth of a royalist movement, and without even the prospect that the poor little boy Alexis will be a Russian Prince Charles.

In 1902 Tolstoy wrote in a sort of valedictory letter to Nicholas II that however good and wise a Tsar may be, he cannot rule 130 million subjects. The rule was bound to pass out of his hands into those surrounding him. A Tsar could not choose disinterested and able helpers, for he knew only a few score men who through chance or intrigue had got near him and were careful to ward off all who might supplant them. Autoeracy was in reality an obsolete form of government.

And yet it served in time of peace, and the Tsar did find and use Stolypin and Sazonof and Bark and many another able man. It needed two and a half years of war to show in practice that the system was unfitting for the time, was in fact obsolete because of these defects which the ancient Tolstoy adumbrated to his "brother" as he called him.

In the first splendor of the opening of the war the Tsar never stood higher; he obtained apparently complete forgiveness for errors in the past. He could dispense with his enormous body-guard and the "ten thousand soldiers" to guard him. The anthem was sung everywhere and by all classes on the impulse. There was no hint of revolution. Fortune smiled on Russian arms, and her victories and the heroic deeds of individual soldiers cast a glamour from all Russia upon the throne. At the same time the remarkable vodka prohibition appealed to Russian intelligence. Both heart and mind acclaimed the Tsardom, and who could have surmised that these splen-

dors were evening splendors, that a melancholy twilight would succeed to them, and then of a sudden the night shutting off?

Yet so it happened. The diminuendo of incapacity set in. Defeat in Poland shed a lurid light from the Western horizon upon Petrograd, and showed the little, incompetent men of office, more and more dwarfed, more and more helpless. And then the strange Siberian peasant gained stature and importance.

The Tsardom became so weak that it could not look after its own elementary interests. It could not find representatives to go to London and Paris, but let its enemy Milyukof stand for Russia. It could not propagandize in the British and French Press, but let all manner of dangerous and anti-dynastic rumors, true and untrue, go unanswered. For months only revolutionary opinion regarding Russia was printed in the British press. Our strongest Conservative organs made the word "reactionary" serve instead of "conservative" as far as Russia was concerned. Our populace became of opinion that the Tsar was making tremendous efforts to secure a separate peace. Rasputin was written up in various papers, and even the person of the Empress was not spared. There was not a word of remonstrance from official Russia. The details of the plot to depose the Tsar and obtain a regency with a constitutional system were openly talked of in London, and there was a general assent both official and unofficial. On the other hand, news of Pacifists and pro-Germans in the revolutionary camp was carefully eliminated by censors or interested editors. This, excepting the swiftness of the success of the rebellion, testifies more than all else to the impotent state to which the government had been reduced.

Last summer in Russia I often heard the opinion expressed: the old army has passed away, the army which we have now is quite a new one, and taken from a different class of people. It has far more artisans and middle-class people. There is a different spirit in it, and propaganda makes great progress. This partly though not entirely explains the military support with which the change was carried out. Then the Conservatives, persistently called Reactionaries abroad, freely backed the revolution, and some like M. Purishkevitch, "Right of the Right," as he called himself, gave passionate force to their backing, and led the aristocrats against the throne. They did so, not to establish a Republic, but a Constitutional Monarchy. Without their aid M. Kerensky and his colleagues would not be where they are. The British and French Governments also backed the political conspiracy, believing in the moderacy of its objects. And beyond all these things one must suppose the time had come. All the forces in Europe tended one way—revolutionary idealism in Russia, military necessity for Germany, business instinct in England, the money and hate of the Jews, America's need to reconcile half her alien population to the Allied Cause. So it was easy at last, and Russia, which talks and talks, and yet never does, at last was silent for three days and *did*.

The Tsardom has gone, and there is little prospect of its return. Nicholas II is not a conspirator by nature, not ambitious. And his child has no future. If he had wished to regain power, the voluntary writing of his own decree of abdication was most unlikely. That resignation liberates the thought and will of loyal Russia. There is no question of the Constituent Assembly voting whether they will have a Tsar. They will decide or try



to decide what form of democratic system Russia will adopt. And although the fifteen million or so Old Believers are said to be in favor of a Limited Monarchy, it is at present unlikely that a monarchy will be established. Russia does not care for compromise. Despite her admiration of England she has none of the English love of caution and half-measures. One of her grievances against Nicholas II was that he was so moderate in the use of his great power. Russia seems bound to plunge to the other extreme, namely, of democracy.

Russia is free. And what she is free *for* is a much more interesting question than what she is free *from*. It is not a leisure time in history when we can afford to concern ourselves long with what has been and will be no more. It is a time of increasing destruction, and the future which we keep in view is a future of the rebuilding of civilization. Russia's hour is come and she is put at large. All eyes are upon her, expectant of various things, of gain, of interest, of inspiration, of revenge. What then is to be her future?

On a long view I am completely optimistic. On a short view everyone must be anxious. The long view is the more interesting, but the short view more pressing. In considering the latter, there is the urgent question, Will Russia make a separate peace? Personally I do not think she will, however extreme and unrepresentative her Government may become. It would be too difficult to find terms that would satisfy Poles, Jews, Germans, Letts, Little Russians, and so forth. But I think Russia's military effort is virtually at an end. From an immediate war point of view the Revolution is unfortunate. For it turns out there are far more pro-Germans on the revolutionary side than on that of the court. And from

the day of the abdication of the Tsar, Russia has ceased to do anything worth mentioning in the field of battle, and the desertions from the army have been very great. From a peace point of view the new Russia with its characteristic ideals should, however, be helpful when the time comes. The fall of Gutchkof and Milyukof in favor of extremer men bodes ill; the rise of Kerensky is an unpleasant portent. He is, however, not a strong man but a clever demagogue, and may overdo his rôle of facing both ways. On the whole one sees the worst types of politicians rising into power. That is the short view; the long view, though a maze of alternative wrong roads, is more hopeful.

One of the first phenomena of the new Russia is a general rise in wages and an increase in the value of house property in the great cities. No discrimination is to be made in the rates of wages paid to Chinese and other alien laborers. The war wage is higher than has ever been known in Russia, a rouble and a half and two or even three roubles a day being paid upon occasion for unskilled labor. The old sixty copecks a day wage vanishes. Henceforth the Russian workingman will be paid at the same rate as his brother laborers in other European countries, and with the rise of Russian industry after the war his wage should rise above even that level. One of the first meanings of free Russia is that Russia has become free for commercial exploitation. There is no longer the drag on business imposed by the old régime. It will be possible to get the coal out of the ground, to lay the necessary rails to run whole new forests of timber to the rivers. Capital will be forthcoming for the development of the butter industry on a hitherto undreamed-of scale. Russian sugar will undersell all other European sorts. She will begin to

supply herself with all the raw cotton she requires: the mills will capture almost the entire market of Asia. Discoveries of gold in Siberia will multiply, and swarms of diggers follow. Great companies like that of the Lena and Kishtim will be formed for the exploitation of Russia's marvelous wealth of copper, zinc, lead, silver, platinum, asbestos, naphtha, etc. A frozen meat and canning industry will be established and express itself in Chicagos of the East. The wool and horsehair of the innumerable herds of the nomads will find better markets. In commercial significance what land can compare with Russia? Virginal America did not offer a richer return. Without a Tsar Russia is the land of opportunity, and not only the land of opportunity for Russians, but for all enterprising Europeans; British, Germans, Belgians, Americans, Japs. It is there, after the war, that the vultures will be gathered together.

Of a surety, despite Russia's wretched present state materially, she becomes prosperous without parallel within ten years of the coming of peace, attracting all speculators and investors and fortune-seekers, the commercial counter-balance in the east of America in the west.

Possibly more than that. If Russia decides to be free for all commercial enterprise she should offer greater attractions than America. The flow of European emigration to the United States should turn the other way into Russia, and a great cosmopolitanization of certain parts of it set in, America being fed merely from the English Isles and colonies, and thus obtaining the necessary leisure to crystallize nationally and achieve her own cultural and spiritual ideals.

Russia if she chooses can become a great business republic, at first thought an even greater one than that of the U.S.A., because her population is

better spread over a vaster area, and she has ready access to the millions of China and less prejudice against them. But one result of the revolution will be to draw back population from the remote parts of Asiatic Russia and cause an emptying in vast regions.

What sort of Russia would that be? It would be gay and thrilling, very immoral, very extravagant. The music halls of Moscow would outshine with their star-constellations the Coliseum and the Palace of London and all the shows of Broadway in New York. There would be bosses and trusts and Tammany and graft and the fight against them, though the problems would be always greater and more complex. A certain Anglo-Saxon genius for simplicity has stood America in good stead. But there is no genius for simplicity in Russia. The people love complexity. Russian psychology must be taken into account, and first and foremost comes this instinct for complexity and with it an anarchic temperament that loves to escape from its own imbroglios by extreme action; then an extreme curiosity and wish to experience new things, an adventuresomeness with regard to Providence, lack of the power of moral restraint, and a Tartar instinct for spending a long time over business. A Russia that will attract materialists, not a Russia attracting idealists. The Tsardom putting itself first, the army second, the Church third, and commerce fourth or fifth, at least exhibited to foreigners the ideal side of the Russian people and drew pilgrims from the West. But the business republic would attract seekers after "real" gold, not after spiritual gold.

The choice of taking this prosperity would seem obvious to the Western world. And possibly Russia, seeking to identify herself with the West, will take it. Great pressure will be brought on her to take it. The foundations of

this material prosperity could only be laid by foreigners. They can lay them and start Russia on the road, and it would be an immense advantage to them personally. Russia's huge debts place her moreover in a subjective state, where she can be reasonably argued with. But the Russian people, as a whole, do want something better, and especially those idealists whose voice has arisen. They did not pull down the Tsardom to instal Mammon in its place. They want a more spiritual kingdom. The Russia which is now vocal is not middle-aged Russia. "Men" and "women" of the age of twenty are to have a vote. It is young Russia, unmarried Russia, and earnest youth is always out for the ideal rather than the material. The Russia of ideas and dreams, religious Russia more than ever is to the fore. The great coming clash is not of the "old régime" or royalism with Liberals and Radicals. That old scenery can be swept from the arena. The clash will be between business and idealism, between middle-aged Europe and young Russia, but in any case between business and idealism.

The Orthodox Church swings free of the State. The new Procurator of the Holy Synod is turning out all the corrupt bishops and priests, and bringing in the earnest spiritual reformers. "The corner stone of my policy," says M. Vladimir Lvof, "is the freedom of the Church. The Church will be disentangled from the political system, and the State cease to have power to interfere in the Church system. The Church must and will become free to arrange its own life." In brief, disestablishment.

There lies no terror in disestablishment. The Church would lose some adherents to other sects, but its great natural strength would be free to develop. The puritan sects rise into prominence, though it should be

borne in mind that the present revolution is not in any way due to them. They are too slight. But they have a root in Russia, and their chapels will now spring into being in every town. Literature, music, and fine art, with their source in national religion, ought to develop strongly, especially literature, which at this moment is in a poor way and rather below the general world standard. The opinions of men like Prince Yevgeny Trubetskoi, Merezhkovsky, and Bulgakof ought to count for more than they have done in the past. And the change which the revolution has wrought in the destinies of mankind brings to the fore the work of the great philosopher Vladimir Solovyof, with this vision of a united humanity and a universal Church.

Russia has always wished to fashion something new, to be something new in humanity. Even its most ardent reformers have urged that they did not wish to follow simply the example of the republics of the West. They wished a new synthesis.

Now the political idealists are flocking to Petrograd. There is a general amnesty to all who have suffered for the cause. Prison doors have opened and every provincial jail in Russia has discharged sufferers. The penal prisons of Siberia—including the famous Alexandrovsky Central, about which how many songs have been composed?—have been broken up. Great numbers of *Vetchniki* (those serving life-sentences) have been redeemed. The exiles from the fringes of the tundra, beyond the Arctic circle, and from all parts of Siberia are to come home. Red Cross trains await them at the nearest railway stations. And finally, all those languishing through political fear in England, France, Switzerland, America and elsewhere, have their passages paid. Lenine and his brother Socialists

obtain a free pass from the kindly Germans that they may more swiftly pass to Petrograd to work for peace. Russian Socialists interned in Germany may also obtain release. The voices of all these will count: For they have suffered. And they have not suffered in order that Russia may become a business republic with commercial slavery or a militant empire enslaving other nations. They have suffered for *freedom*, an almost mystical word in their hearts and souls. I do not think they merely want revenge. They are idealists, and their force will be ranged against material ambitions and vulgar conceptions. But they are bound to cause another great storm in Russian opinion and public life next autumn, if not before.

The new synthesis will be worked out by individuals, but necessarily also by nations. The collective voice of subject peoples will be heard. Finland may become separate and cease to count as Russia, but the other races cannot easily be eliminated or obtain complete independence. There is no suggestion as yet from the Russian side of a complete liberation of Poland. The Ukraine, that is Little Russia, is too much of one flesh with greater Russia to be separated, though it has a strong national movement. And what of Letts, Lithuanians, Armenians, Jews, Georgians, Persians, Ossetines, Kirghiz, Turkomans, Sarts, Tartars, Zirians, Samoyedes, to mention but a few of the scores of races in the Empire? What of Siberia as a separate interest, of the Caucasus as a separate interest, of Central Asia as a separate interest?

Russia as a Republic may be profitably compared with the United States. There are as many varying races. And now that the Tsardom has gone these races can no longer be looked upon as conquered or subject peoples. Their voices have full

value. The difference is that in America there is an assumption that the diverse Europeans entering the country are ready to give up their particular national feeling and sink everything in the common term America. But in Russia there is no such readiness to sink all in the common term, Russia. The nations have geographical associations; some have language and culture. They are proud of their distinctions. The territory of Russia is wide enough, not a little plot like Great Britain where Scots and Welsh and English easily mingle. The smaller peoples, moreover, live by themselves, they are not spread over the land and lost collectively as in the United States. The future of the Russian Republic is, therefore, one in which nations as well as individuals speak. Even if a United States of Russia be realized, it could not be a United States as in America, but must rather be a United Nations.

How much anxiety the Russian revolution caused to those who knew Russia! But what a strange and unexpected exhilaration immediately followed—a sort of relief from war depression. The most precious inheritance of the past was endangered in Russia, but for Europe a new vision and promise was vouchsafed. Then for the first time one definitely understood that death-sentence had been passed upon the old Europe; nothing could be patched up and allowed to revert to pre-war conditions, the old had to pass away. It meant almost inevitably the eventual fall of Kaiserdom also. Vast and potential Russia had suddenly become material free to be shaped, attendant upon creative destiny. It promised and does promise that all Europe shall come to that same humble and subjective state, ready to be re-cast as something new. There becomes possible a new vision

for humanity—not simply a vision of safety, for we do not really deeply care for safety, but a vision of a new and greater unity.

The problems of the new Russia are monitions of the problem of the new Europe. There is the hope that after the war it may be possible for all our nations to think of Europe in a new way, to find in the idea and name of Europe a common spiritual and material interest to which all could be loyal. As the peoples of Russia come to be to Russia, so may the peoples of Europe, including Finland and Ireland, be to Europe.

The first days of the war saw the great affirmation of the sacredness of nationality. There followed a Radical movement against nationality inspired possibly by the non-Zionist Jews whose natural ideal is cosmopolitanism, mixed nationality, implying a non-religiolization of races, one type, one State, and everybody speaking Esperanto, much business and no war. But the idea of making Europe or Russia a melting-pot for races was distasteful, and could not have won its way. It was also not practicable. The nations of Europe care too much for their national culture and ideals to efface themselves, even were this war ten times the material calamity it is. The conception, however, had attraction for some. Its abortive expression was that of the "League of Peace," which has now given way to the much more promising formulation of the "League of Nations." At the same time, a ferment of republicanism threatens all the thrones in Europe. It is generally realized that the barriers which keep nations apart must be removed. But owing to the example of affairs in Russia, it is realized that the nations are intent on keeping their nationhood. The unity to which we are going forward is the unity of the recognition and

toleration of difference, love of difference; not the unity of reducing all to standard types.

It may be remarked now how ill-suited is the average British or German intelligence to the new task of accommodating the new elements and expressing them in all their complexity to make a great unity. The Teutonic race is naturally intolerant of other races. Possibly German intolerance will be blasted away by war, and by the wholesome lesson of the despised French beating them, and by Russians beating them. But the British intelligence, except when modified by the sympathy of the Celt, is more inclined to simplify by breaking or excluding than by understanding and including. Love and patience are required beyond all other qualities. The Italians bring gifts of this kind, but on the other hand inherit bad traditions. Their consciousness is still in the old Europe, nourishing ideas of territorial aggrandizement, and pursuing with that end a steady, persistent, though secret diplomacy. Because of the Italians, our sad Balkan friends who have suffered so much constantly tremble or are possessed of hate. Even the unduly despised Greeks might join in the great understanding, but for fear of wolves in sheep's clothing. France is patient and tolerant though suffering, but even she nurses the need for revenge. There remains Russia, and turbulent though her conditions are she has yet the model psychology for the great problem. I do not speak of all her tribes, some of which are savagely intolerant of other people; but of the Central Russian race, which after all has the power in its own hands, and can arrange the home almost as it will. Russia loves complexity, she is tolerant, she is also profound in thought, not given to superficiality. She has a far-reaching vision, and her Church at



least has for long been preoccupied with the idea of the union of humanity. Pan-human ideals have long since been expressed, and many who died in their struggle against the old Tsardom did so, not so much in the name of local freedom and a partisan political view, as in the name of universal brotherhood.

It is of course true that the phrase "universal brotherhood" as used from workingmen's platforms is little more than the expression of a domestic sentiment. The narrowness of the life and outlook of the poor workers voicing it evokes the scorn of the cultured and the traveled, especially among our own people. The same is true in Russia, where the working man is more illiterate and narrow in outlook than those of the same class in the West. But there is this great difference in Russia—that the idea of brotherhood and even universal brotherhood permeates all classes of society. And in social if not yet in political relationships tolerance rules. Condemnation, and exclusion, and the boycott, and the sending to Coventry, and "cutting," and giving the cold shoulder, and even calling for punishment—God's punishment—on the neighbor, are not frequent in the Russian vocabulary and literature. The Russian charity is an almost all-inclusive charity. Hence at this late era it is still possible for Russian Socialists to dwell in a state of love and charity with their German confrères. "In the future there shall be one language," says Solovyof, "but it shall not be an exclusive but rather an all-inclusive language, not an *Esperanto* or *Volapuk*, but a great and mighty organic language embodying all the partial languages men are speaking." He conceived this in the realm of ideals. With regard to our ideals we babble in little selfish tongues not understanding one another, but

when the ideals of mankind are made common for all, the new language will be one that embodies all the partial languages.

Russian social philosophy, moreover, contemplates an all-inclusive human society, a true Catholicism, supported first on the recognition and tolerance of all diversity of expression, the scaffolding of the city of God, built and cemented with love and mutual enhancement. To say that we are all *disjecta membra* of Christ is merely theology to us in the West, but in the East it is a living daily understanding of our pathos on the road of destiny. The vision is of a world-republic. No, of more than that, of a world-Church, of all-Humanity as one in love and mutual understanding and praise of God, Sophia.

Because of this vision, which, even if only seen or realized in a small part, is stupendous and greater than anything our earthly records tell of in the past, the Russian revolution is the first and most significant solution which the war has caused. The League of Nations has been called the germ of the Super-State. The change in the conditions of the Russian people reveals the possibility of an agreement and an understanding and a unity in Europe. It is that which has given to the great destructive calamity a new creative aspect. The old must all be pulled down in order that the new may be built.

To revert, however, to Russia. She is the hope of Europe. If she settles her problems beautifully, Europe may be trusted to do so also. But if she becomes a prey to anarchy and disruption, is more devastated and falls to pieces, Europe in future may be also one of extreme desolation and low life. If she becomes a brassy, blatant, business State, Europe also will turn all her energies to commerce, with trade wars and bread wars following.

For it is an error to suppose that separate Republics are less capable of making war on one another than monarchies. If Germany becomes a business republic and lives in a state of unreconciled spiritual and material interest with her neighbors, she will make war again and more successfully. Russia has the rôle of saying the prologue of the new drama. Rightly understood, the prologue foreshadows what the story is, and the five acts following it tell it at more length and make the substance of it. It is as yet undecided; nothing is clear except the material out of which the new must emerge. The great hope is that Russia will show us a new experiment in democracy, and that there may be a further realization of the complex and beautiful genius of the people. We may see in the course of time something without counterpart in the old; not merely the realization of some Western idea of government such as Republicanism or Socialism, not merely the culmination of opportunism and selfishness, a business State, but the birth of a new child, a new body politic with its dreams and daring, its vision and splendor. And that which is best and truest in Russia will come forth and have the pride of place. Nothing beautiful of the old will be lost; it will be carried on into the new, re-dreamed, re-found, re-expressed, its Christianity not failing, its literature

*The London Quarterly Review.*

and art not failing, its brotherliness, frankness, and generosity not failing, its colors not lost in mere republican grayness, its complexity of form and genius for new groupings and formations not lost in the discipline and rigidity of ordinary Socialism, Russia the God-bearer, as Dostievsky called her, giving to Europe the marvelous Christ Child.

It is by faith that all who love Russia can see her new Destiny is in our keeping, in our hearts. As we look creatively on chaos, there arises shape and form. And looking creatively is love, whereas looking destructively is hate; idealism and criticism, the substance of peace and the substance of war. And after the greatest period of destruction and dissolution comes naturally the greatest reaction. Humanity has ever known towards construction and unity. Hence the vision. It may be merely the vision in a dream. Mankind has ever lived for dreams and visions, and expected the outside varying world to conform to its ideal. In the past it has always failed to conform. But if the world must be desolate, and the altar on which we sacrifice show itself merely as a senseless, all-devouring bonfire, if Russia instead of showing external unity be swept by anarchy or become a Mammon-serving State, the dream will still remain. Humanity has at least been united in the heart.

*Stephen Graham.*

## THE DAWN OF THE AIR AGE.

### I.

The world hardly sees yet a shadow of the revolution in its habits and customs which is impending, and will follow the use of the air as a highway. The aircraft industry, weak and struggling no longer, thanks to the stimulus

of war, is planning already the building of machines which will be sufficiently powerful and airworthy to maintain regular services by air for passengers, mails, and light express goods. More experience in construction has been gained during two and a half years of

war than would have been possible under peace conditions in many years. The industry is now organized, and stronger financially; and only a year or so should elapse after the war before the first air services are run on a commercial basis between London and the Continent, and also between London and the cities of the Midlands and the North. This is no longer the dream of an enthusiast. The recent constructional progress has been such that passenger services by air could be organized even at the present time, were the industry not pre-occupied with its work in connection with the war.

By means of technical improvements which have become feasible, and which need only peace conditions to enable them to be carried into effect, it should be possible, almost immediately after the war, to build passenger aircraft which will carry twenty-five or fifty people at an average speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. And this will form a stepping-stone to larger craft, fitted with motors developing thousands of horse-power, which should attain speeds of 200, 250, and perhaps even 300 miles an hour. Time and money—not forgetting the skill of designers and constructors, and an infinite patience and perseverance—are all that are required to bring about this era. We have sufficient knowledge at the present time to indicate that there are no technical difficulties which should prove insuperable.

The demand of the commercial world, for years prior to the war, was for greater speed in transit. Time, representing money, had been growing daily more valuable. After the war, huge schemes of reconstruction will become necessary, and there should be an immense quickening of trade activity in all quarters of the globe. With the employment of commercial aircraft, able to pass without devia-

tion above land, sea, forests, or mountains, the question of distance, or of the difficulty of communication through natural obstacles, will cease to be a barrier between nations.

## II.

The first use of commercial aircraft should be as mail-carriers; and it is possible that the first experimental services will be attempted over localities remote from large centers of population, where the nature of the country makes it difficult to maintain regular communication by land; also to link up by air-mail the widely scattered communities such as exist in our dominions over-sea.

America, France, and Italy are concerning themselves already with the question of establishing air mail services; and the British Government, with foreign possessions in which air mail services might be established with great convenience to the inhabitants, has every reason to do the same. The recent appointment of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee is an indication that the authorities are now becoming alive to the importance of commercial aeronautics. The main task of this Committee is to recommend to the Government what steps shall be taken, when the war is over, to develop civil flying in all its aspects.

The American Government, it is understood, intends to operate an air-mail, with a service twice weekly, between the Alaskan coast and certain of the inaccessible districts which lie inland. It is hoped, by means of the air service, to make journeys in five or six hours which, by land transport, have sometimes taken as long as three weeks.

The French Government has established a Committee which is investigating the whole question of transporting mails by air; and one of the aims of this Committee is to determine, if

possible, at what cost per kilometre it would be possible to operate such services.

The Italian Government has, since the beginning of the war, connected several of her important commercial centers by means of a system of alighting-grounds; and along these "air-ways" already an experimental mail service is being operated—although, naturally, the needs of the moment are almost entirely military.

It will certainly be unwise, right at the beginning of commercial aviation, for Governments to expect an air service to be completely self-supporting, or to operate at once with such profit as might be shown, say, by transport systems on land or sea—which, of course have had years of organization and experience. What Governments must do, and particularly the British Government, is to ensure to the operators of these first air-mail services a freedom from financial anxiety during the period when their main task will be to gain all the experience they can as to suitable types of machine, and to make any experiments, and incur any reasonable expense, which they may consider necessary for the improvement of their services.

And when the experience gained in these, and other ways, permits the running of passenger air services, the Government must be equally ready with assistance and must make it one of its chief aims—undeterred by cries which may be raised for retrenchment in expenditure—to ensure that commercial flying in all its aspects develops rapidly and successfully, and that no invention of importance is lost to us through a lack of financial aid. The rate-payer, when his money is spent to develop flying, need have no fear that it is being wasted, or that such expenditure is inadvisable. It will be a matter of vital necessity

for us, on imperial as well as purely national grounds, to create and maintain a large fleet of commercial aircraft. We know how, in this present war, with the danger zones created by hostile submarines, we have had to rely on our great mercantile marine. And it may happen in some war of the future, with sea-blockades so efficient as to hold up traffic altogether, that we shall have to depend upon aircraft to bring us the supplies which cannot be obtained in any other way. Another important reason for a Government subsidy of the aircraft industry lies in the fact that the knowledge and experience which are gained in building and piloting commercial-type machines will be of extreme value in time of war; while it should be remembered that commercial craft could, in war-time, be converted quickly and without difficulty into cruiser-type machines, being fitted with bomb-sighting and releasing gear, and also with guns throwing explosive shells. And such converted machines would be extremely useful in attacking land positions, or in harassing an enemy's air and sea traffic.

### III.

It is difficult for us to realize the change in our habits, and in our routine of living, which will follow the coming of the air age. As soon as we have daily services by air operating on an adequate scale, it will be possible for city workers to live much farther afield than they can with any existing form of locomotion. And this will mean, in the course of time, that the outskirts of a city like London will cease to be dormitories for the workers, and will be given over almost exclusively to factories and workshops. The workers of the city, traveling at high speeds by air, will be able to live along the southern and southeastern seacoasts, or in the heart of the coun-

try. And this will be so beneficial to their health that their efficiency as workers will be materially increased; while the cost of aerial travel, in their daily journeys will be outweighed by the fact that their rent and living expenses will be reduced, and that they will be able to cultivate produce in their own gardens. It will become feasible, in the air age, to populate evenly the whole of a country, instead of masses of people being congested—as they are now through the slowness of transit—within areas of only a few miles.

City men who are private owners of aircraft will be able to live a hundred miles or more away from town, and still attend their offices each day. Flying up in the morning to one of the aerodromes which will be situated on the outskirts of London, they will house their machines there, and then travel on into the heart of the city by one of the high-speed tubes (probably on the mono-rail system), which will act as "feeders" for the aerodromes, and will run to and fro constantly with passengers and goods. In the evening, the last of his letters signed, the business man will take tube to the aerodrome, ascending again in his aircraft, and reaching his home, somewhere in the heart of the country, in time for dinner.

The world has, at various times, been promised an ideal form of travel—such as the train, the motor-car, and the luxurious modern liner. But the train oscillates; its wheels grind and roar; it clangs through tunnels and over bridges; it lurches when rounding curves. With the motor-car, even on the best of roads, there is always the sensation of earth contact and of vibration—to say nothing of the dust and inconvenience of the traffic on main thoroughfares; while the ocean-going liner, pitching and rolling in a bad sea, causes acute discomfort to

many of its passengers. The air will provide a luxurious form of travel such as the voyager of today has never known, and can scarcely imagine. There will be no vibration or noise from the machinery, and no sensation whatever of an earth contact. The only sound to reach a passenger's ears, as the machine sweeps through the air in a smooth, apparently effortless progress, will be the faint hum of the wind as it rushes past the hull. When they are on long journeys, aircraft will fly high, often above the clouds; and there will be no sign then of the earth below, and nothing to tell the eye that the machine is driving its way through the air at high speed.

Even in a 100-mile-an-hour aircraft, immediately one reaches the normal cross-country altitude of about 5,000 feet, the sensations of movement or of speed, in relation to the earth below, become almost imperceptible. The passengers, seated in luxuriously-appointed saloons, will be in just as much comfort, so far as any sense of movement is concerned, as though they were in their drawing-room at home. People complain often of train-tiredness after a long journey by rail. This is due to the oscillation, noise, and the constant flashing past of objects which are close to the carriage windows. But there will be no such fatigue after an air journey, however long, for the reason that there will be none of the discomforts which are encountered on land.

There are people still who think that, because a flying machine passes through the air, unsupported by any earth contact, there will always be an element of risk in aerial travel. But in the future, when passenger-carrying machines have been perfected, to travel by air will not only be as safe as to travel by land or sea, but will be in certain respects even safer. There will, for instance, be less danger



from collision. Craft traveling in different directions—north, south, east, or west—will be required by the rules of the air to fly at various altitudes. And these lanes of traffic, in which all the machines will be traveling in the same direction, will be so arranged that they are not immediately one above another, but are some little distance apart; and this will mean that should a machine have to glide down from a high altitude, through some temporary breakdown of its machinery, there would be little risk of its penetrating as it descended—with a consequent risk of collision—any of the streams of traffic which might be moving at lower altitudes and in different directions. Foggy weather, which presents such dangers for land or sea traffic, would only provide a risk in aerial travel (one writes, of course in a general sense) when machines are ascending or alighting. At higher altitudes, as a rule, it should be possible for them to escape the fog banks. And at the landing grounds, when there are fogs, science may find it possible to dissipate these, at any rate over limited areas; or by some system of powerful lights, or by signals from captive balloons which ascend above the fog banks, it should be possible to regulate the flow of traffic in and out of the aerodromes. An aircraft pilot under such conditions, when approaching an aerodrome at a high altitude, well above the fog, would watch for the signals sent up from the ground, which would inform him whether all was clear for his descent, in the same way that a ship is signaled, telling it whether it is safe to enter a harbor.

The attaining of high speeds by air implies a greater safety rather than a greater risk—provided, of course, that a machine is so built that it will withstand the air pressures it encounters. The higher the speed at which a

machine is traveling, the more control its pilot has over it; while there is not the same risk in the air, as there is on land, of a vehicle oscillating when at a very high speed, and threatening to overturn or leave its track. The faster an aircraft flies the steadier is its motion. The momentum of its flight enables it to drive through adverse wind-gusts without these having any effect upon it; whereas a slow machine would pitch and roll. And there is not the risk with an aircraft, as with a land vehicle, of a wheel or axle breaking under the strains of a high speed, and thereby causing an accident.

In flying, of course, as in any other new form of transport, the purely experimental stage has been marred by accidents. Machines have collapsed in flight, or have been driven to earth and wrecked by wind-gusts; motors have failed, and caused disaster; pilots have been guilty of errors of judgment which have cost them their lives. But during all this time, experience and useful data have been accumulating. In learning to fly men have been breaking completely new ground—learning to navigate an entirely new element. But in the future we shall be bred and born to the air. We shall take to it just as naturally as, today, we travel by land or sea. With the aircraft of the future, which will be metal-built, the risk of structural breakage will be reduced practically to a vanishing point. And the inherent stability of these large machines, and the speeds at which they will fly, will enable them to weather safely even the heaviest of gales; while the multi-engine plants with which they will be fitted, enabling any one unit to be cut temporarily from the series, and repaired while the machine continues in flight under the power of its other motors, will eliminate for all practical purposes any need to descend

owing to a mechanical breakdown. Assuming, however, that a machine should descend involuntarily, there will be chains of landing-grounds on all the main flying routes, and these will be so close together that a machine which is flying at a sufficient altitude will be able to reach one or other of them, in a glide, from any point at which its machinery may fail. Craft which are on ocean journeys, being built so that they can alight on the water, will follow certain given routes, and will be in constant touch with each other by wireless. Should a machine be obliged to descend on the water through a total breakdown of its machinery, it will be able to call to its assistance, if necessary, and in a very short time, any such craft as may be nearest to it on the flying route.

But such a total breakdown will be no more probable with a perfected aircraft than it would be with an ocean-going liner. On the liner, should one of her turbines run hot, this only reduces her speed temporarily, while the turbine is stopped and allowed to cool. The others continue to do their work and to propel the ship. With a liner, in fact, having many engines and boilers, and several propeller shafts, the risk of a total breakdown is practically eliminated. And in aircraft of the future, which will be fitted with multi-engines, driving a number of propellers, this risk will be equally remote.

#### IV.

In the air age we shall be able to take the map of Europe, and also of the world, and reduce journeys of weeks to days, and those of days to hours; and what this will mean to business men, who will be extending their interests farther and farther afield, one need scarcely emphasize. In the years following the war men who have great organizing ability—

and they are certainly not legion—will find their services almost beyond price. Such men will need to have the whole world, and not any one country or continent, as the field for their operations; and, when they travel frequently to all parts of the globe, any saving of time in their journeys will be of extreme importance.

Here lies the future of aerial transit. It will supply a means of communication so rapid that the world will be able, after the war, to go ahead in the full stride of its reconstructive energy; though this period of reconstruction will, of course, occupy a number of years. Instead of being restricted to the old, slow methods of travel, the nations in their expansion will find this new and high-speed medium open to them—a medium in which rates of travel will be obtainable without risk which would be impossible by land or sea. Five days are required, at normal times, to traverse the sea route between England and America. A business man who has interests in the two countries, and needs to travel frequently between them, must set aside ten days at least of his valuable time in which to be transported across the ocean and back again. In the future, however, by way of the air, he will be able to travel from New York to London and back again, within a period of forty-eight hours.

The influence of high-speed air transit, facilitating business between various countries, will be beneficial to an extent which is almost incalculable. After the war we shall be establishing closer relations with Russia. But the traveler by land and sea, coming from Petrograd to London, has to face a long and wearisome journey, crossing a number of frontiers and being subjected to many delays. In the days of the Continental air service, however, a Russian business man, embarking at Petrograd in the morning on one of

the aircraft which will run non-stop on such routes as these, will find himself in London the same evening, having made a smooth and easy journey, with no need to leave the saloon into which he stepped in his own city. In connection with such long, non-stop flights, in which passenger aircraft, while *en route*, will pass above frontiers without alighting, it may be necessary for the authorities of the various powers to have representatives at the points of departure, so that the flights of these express craft may be supervised, and the customs, passport, and other formalities complied with before the machines ascend.

The stream of traffic which passes at normal times between London and Paris, and will attain after the war an even greater volume, will be influenced to a remarkable extent by the establishment of a Continental air service. One need not dwell upon the discomforts and delay, during the winter months, which business men have had to suffer whose misfortune it has been to make this journey frequently by steamer and train. About seven hours are needed for the journey under favorable conditions. But, when there is a Channel gale or fog, apart from the unpleasantness of the sea crossing, travelers have to reconcile themselves to many hours of delay. The Channel tunnel, if it is built, will obviate the discomforts of the sea passage, and also the delay of changing from train to steamer and from steamer to train. But no journey by land, even with the advantages of the tunnel, will offer such facilities in rapid transit as will be possible by air. A high-speed aircraft, flying in an absolutely straight line between the two cities, should be able to make the journey in slightly more than two hours! Aircraft will, of course, show to the greatest advantage in the matter of time-saving when on long rather than on short journeys,

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owing to the fact that a certain amount of time will have to be lost in gaining altitude before a maximum speed can be attained, and again in slowing down before alighting.

## V.

Instead of being a series of widely-scattered communities, knowing little of each other, and prone in consequence to suspicions and mistrust, humanity will find itself drawn closer and closer together through the speed of aerial transit. In the process of time the individual man will cease to regard himself as the citizen of any one nation, and will recognize that he is a unit in a world-wide organization, laboring not for the furtherance of purely selfish aims, or even of local or national ambitions, but for the betterment of conditions throughout the globe. That, at any rate, is the ideal. It will be some time, naturally, before it is realized, if it is ever realized. But this much is certain: it would never be possible to realize it at all were it not for the promise which is offered by the coming of the air age. After the war, therefore, every nation, as well as every individual, should work wholeheartedly for the development of flight. Though the aircraft now figures in our minds principally as an instrument of destruction, its *rôle* in the future will be that of a great instrument of construction—an instrument by means of which we may establish such a world-wide friendship, such a mutual understanding, that the ruthless ambitions of a few men will never again be able to throw millions of their fellow-citizens at each other's throats. This is the hope, at all events, of those who view the coming of the air age, not as a further menace to the world, but as a change which will tend always to strengthen the peaceful inclinations of mankind.

In the air age we shall need to break

down that barrier which has been raised between the people of various nations owing to the use of different languages. Some form of Esperanto, adopted universally, will become a necessity, and will indeed be a natural outcome of the advent of rapid aerial travel. And when this stage has been reached, the aerial traveler who sets out on a world tour will find himself as much at home in foreign capitals as he would be in his own. It will be difficult, when this period has been reached, for those who wish to keep nations apart to spread successfully their mischievous tales of misunderstanding and unrest. When the men of different nations are meeting each other constantly, and are able to exchange thoughts freely in a universal tongue, the mischief-maker should find that his occupation has become both unenviable and untenable.

But the view one takes should not, of course, be too optimistic. We shall have no justification, after this war, for throwing down our armaments, or for declaring that the days of unbroken peace have already dawned. Sooner or later, largely through the humanizing influence of aerial transit, men's minds will become so enlightened that the idea of war will be intolerable. But the question is, how long will it be before that stage is reached? Will the world have to endure another war, or wars, before a universal understanding, and a universal language, renders such gigantic tragedies impossible?

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## VI.

It may be that there will be another great world war, and that this will be fought and won, not on the land or sea, but in the air. And it may be, also, that the terrors of such a war, with its devastation, not of countries but of whole continents, may teach mankind a lesson so grim that a policy of armaments will be finally discarded. Whether this will be so or not, the immediate task of Great Britain must be to develop flying, not only in its naval and military aspects, but also commercially. We must prepare ourselves to resist successfully, at any time and under any circumstances, an attack which may be made against us by air. The aircraft of the future, used in large numbers by an enemy who is ruthless, will have an enormously destructive power. After one or two staggering blows, in which its chief cities are destroyed, and its means of communication paralyzed, a country may find itself so helpless that there will be nothing for it to do but sue for peace. Our watchword, therefore, must be to safeguard ourselves in the air as we have done on the sea; to make ourselves at home in this new element; to create a great aircraft industry; to encourage our airmen—already the finest in the world—to emulate the achievements of our greatest seamen; to gain, in fact, in the air, a power sufficiently great to enable us to resist successfully the attacks of any enemy, or combination of enemies.

*Claude Grahame-White.*

*Harry Harper.*

## CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

### CHAPTER VI.

From a mother's life peace is banished. Joy is there, but it walks beset by terrors that ambush behind every

event. There is the season of epidemics, the season of green fruit, the season of dangerous pastimes, the season of autumn disorders.

Christina walked ever with fear at her elbow. The spring at Westhamptom brought its tide of measles and whooping-cough and scarlatina. Every mother looked anxious.

One day it was Jack Brown who succumbed. Mrs. Brown, harassed and pale, spoke to Christina over the railing.

"Oh! my dear, I'm afraid it's scarlatina . . . his throat. Isn't it dreadful? He must go to the hospital, yes, he'll hate it, poor darling, but with all the others what can I do? And Jack is so sensible and unselfish." She paused, then added:

"Oh! yes, of course you're nervous. I won't keep you talking."

Christina had involuntarily started back at the word scarlatina. She looked with horrified eyes at Mrs. Brown. Her neighbor was used to these events. It was happiness that surprised her rather than misfortune. Christina went back to her house, her skirt dragging a little, her hair wisped by the wind. With frightened eyes she spoke to Theresa.

"Wasn't Master Laurence with Master Jack lately?"

"Well, now I disremember, ma'am; but don't let the thought in on you. God'll protect him surely." Theresa went on sweeping with a cheerful countenance while Christina hurried into the dining-room. There was Laurence building a brick castle round a shabby fur rabbit.

"Old yabbit in prison," he explained briefly. Christina knelt beside him, her eyes shining with love and anxiety.

"Did you play with Jack Brown yesterday, darling?"

"I did; we was in the stick shed making of a shipwreck, mother."

The child got up and put his arms round her.

"I like you, mother," he said slowly, "very . . . very much. I don't mean to marry nobody n'else but you,

mother, an' we'll live under a little tree in the garden."

Christina clasped him in her arms. He was not a pretty child, but the eager expressive little face shone with devotion.

"You shall, darling. I don't want to marry anybody but you, and we'll live together always and always, won't we?"

He rubbed his cheek against hers; it had the wonderfully soft texture of a child's skin. "Aren't you too hot, darling?" Christina asked with suppressed fear in her voice; "is it just the fire?"

"Rather hot, mother."

"You don't feel ill, do you, Laurence?"

"No, only in my leg where it bumped."

Christina kissed the place while she warned him to avoid the Browns.

That night she had a wrestle with herself. She would not tell her fears to her husband. She was struggling to attain some ideal of serene and cheerful wifehood. Her mother's example weighed more with her than her vaguely apprehended religion. "One mustn't worry a man," she said, and she changed her dress and smoothed her hair and then felt half indignant with her husband because he failed to detect her anxiety and to give her the chance to tell her fears.

For a week fear lowered his head and lurked in ambush, then pounced upon Christina.

One night when she went to bed she found her son awake. The clothes were tossed back, his eyes were heavy.

"I'm tryin' an' tryin' and I can't sleep, mother. I want water . . . p'ease, dear mother."

Fear clutched Christina. Her heart failed her. She brought water and watched the flushed child drinking it eagerly.

"Don't go away, mother, promise," he begged. She sat down beside him, soothing him, arranging the tumbled clothes, repeating the old time-honored



rhymes, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," "Ding Dong Bell," and the others.

Presently he fell into a troubled sleep. He woke in the night crying bitterly. Christina, who had not slept at all, jumped up and went to him instantly.

"Don't cry, darling; what is it?"

"I don't want to be naughty," he sobbed. Then sitting up he said:

"I want my yabbit."

Christina sought for the shabby rabbit and found it under the bed.

"Why! you're shivering, Laurence," she exclaimed.

For a moment she longed to rouse the household, to rush across the passage to her husband's room, to wake Theresa, for she felt in her heart that fear had come to stay. Her treasure was no more safe from danger than any woman's treasure. When she lay down again, it was to stare wide-eyed into the darkness, not daring to move lest the child should wake. Across the silence and dark her soul sought for God in helpless distress, as one in terror tries to unlock the door that keeps him from safety.

"Oh! God help me," she whispered. Her religion was so little formulated, so much an affair of Sunday observance that she felt almost a stranger on this spiritual plane. But her need was her religion. If God was, she argued, He must be near to mothers.

In the morning she went to her husband.

"He's got it," she said.

"Who's got what, dear?"

Mark looked round with a ludicrously soapy face, his razor in his hand.

"Laurence has scarlatina. The rash isn't out, but his throat is sore and he's feverish."

"Oh, it mayn't be, and if it is . . . come, cheer up, little woman, we must keep our hearts up."

Christina had hidden her face in her hands.

"I couldn't bear it if . . ." she sobbed.

"Come, come, little woman, why, I've had it and so have millions of children. I'll send Dr. Dickson round. He'll cheer you up . . . no doubt it's only just a feverish attack . . . something of the stomach"

The doctor came, a kind, brisk man. In his presence Christina was braced to an attitude of cheerful self-control. Yes, her fears were justified. It was scarlatina, he had a great many cases. There was need for care, but not for anxiety at present. He would give directions.

Then began all the tedious business of isolation and disinfection. Christina shut herself up with her child, facing with what courage she could the days to come. Laurence was in high fever now, parched and miserable, yet fearful that in some way he was blameworthy for his restless, tearful state.

"Am I very naughty, mother?" he asked, as she bent over him, and she in an agony of pity and love answered him with tears, "No, you're only too good, my precious . . . oh! if mother could take the pain herself."

The days and nights that followed blended into one nightmare to the mother, for Laurence went down into the shadow of death.

It seemed to Christina then that time had stopped, that life was concentrated in this poignant anxiety. She did not dare to look beyond it; the future was a curtain that she could not lift, and behind her the past stretched dim and vague. There is in fear some magnifying power that enlarges every detail of daily life. Christina's world was now the room where her child fought for life. It seemed curiously remote from the ordinary world, although so near it; with a sort of wonder she heard the voices of children laughing on the road. The sound of wheels, the rattle of milk-cans, snatches of song or talk, reminded her that daily life was going on as usual. She had to remember with an effort

that the whole world did not stand still breathlessly awaiting the issue of life or death for one little boy.

In those long hours Christina thought of many things with new realization. She thought of the women all the world over, who, day by day, see their children die. She realized her kinship with them in an aching pity. She found that sorrow is the master secret of a great freemasonry which binds human hearts in every country and in every century. In imagination dread fulfilled itself; she saw her child dying, then dead. She pictured the hearse that would take away the little coffin. She would follow. She would never leave him till they made her.

Ah! if she might but go with him through the valley of death. Life without her child seemed impossible, a desert of dreary days. Yet no agony could be greater than this suspense, this daily watching for a change so terrible. Sometimes she felt that death would be better than this awful fear, and her will submitted; at other times her whole being fought against it, and she prayed incoherently, "Save him, save him, God."

The people who went and came—her husband, the doctor, Theresa—seemed shadows. She was bidden to eat and to sleep. She was told that there was a charwoman downstairs, and that Theresa, the ever faithful, would help to nurse Laurence.

The simple faith of Theresa was as the shadow of trees in a parched land. Theresa had the devotion to her mistress and to the child that an Irish woman of all women knows how to give. Her service to them was a part of her religion.

But reality was centered in the cot where Laurence lay. Beside this reality all other things were vague and trivial to the mother. In her love there was now the passion of pity. It seemed that her heart must break for the change

that had been wrought in her first-born. There had fallen on him that terrible gravity which makes of a child a being infinitely old and solemn. His eyes were sombre with pain and weariness, his little mouth, which had been so soft and rosy, was parched with fever, his whole aspect was changed. But he was hers. It was always his mother that he wanted, the visible image of God's love in his small world.

Once into this isolated haunt of fear came a visitor, Mr. Ingleby. It did not seem strange to Christina that he should come. She sought for no conventional greeting.

"I think he will die," she said under her breath.

Mr. Ingleby looked at her with a sudden smile.

"Then give him to God; don't let him be dragged from you."

"No, I can't . . . not yet. It was like that before, I tried to give up my will . . . and I couldn't."

"It is better when one can. One fits into the plan of things. But please God he will recover."

He stood looking down at the child, and Christina knew that he was praying. It seemed natural that Mr. Ingleby should pray. But then he was a man who struck people as peculiar. Perhaps his peculiarity lay in his practical realization of a spiritual order. He turned away from the bed and came to the window where Christina stood.

"I wanted to come," he said simply; "we who have suffered, who suffer, are all brothers and sisters, and our captain is Christ."

"Thank you," she answered. "Yes, nothing will ever seem the same again now that I have realized fear and sorrow."

He took her hand.

"Life is often worse than death," he said. "If your boy has finished his time here, don't grudge him his freedom, but . . . but I pray you may keep him."

He went out quickly. Christina felt strangely comforted by his visit. He believed in his religion; so did Theresa. They were both full of a strength and peace that made them greater than all outward circumstances. Though Christina had developed in her married life, though she had struggled upwards towards a wider vision, a greater freedom from the shackles of self, she had not yet discovered this master secret of the soul, that has been called by one who knew it, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

The next day she fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion, leaving Theresa in charge. The woman was to call her at a certain hour, or if any change came. Christina awoke, starting into terrified wakefulness as was her habit, returning in one second to the realization of this troubled life. Theresa was standing by her mistress, tears were streaming down her face.

"Oh! ma'am, ma'am, the blessed angel is fast asleep," she cried.

Christina clasped the woman's rough hands. "He's dead . . . you mean he's dead," she whispered.

"Not at all . . . oh! glory be to God for all His mercies . . . come and see, ma'am, he's in a real good sleep this time."

Christina rose and went into the sick-room. She bent over her son, and watched in an ecstasy of relief the tranquil rise and fall of his breath.

"He's going to live," she murmured.

Then the two women who had watched and feared together, kissed with tears on their faces.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Laurence recovered, and the season of fear and sorrow bound him and his mother more closely together. She had fought with death for him and he was the dearer to her for the struggle.

The coming of her daughter did not affect the peculiar tenderness that she

had for her first-born. She was a just woman, and would have stoutly denied any difference in her love for her two children. But there was some quality of pity and anxiety in her love for the more delicate child that made him more her own. From the first Rosa was fearless, sturdy, independent. She dared the things of which Laurence was often afraid.

"Laurence is a little bit of a muff, mother," Mark would say as the boy shrank from bathing and swimming and daring adventures.

"No, no, he's only sensitive and imaginative. He sees dangers where Rosa can't see them." It was to his mother that the boy rushed to confide his little triumphs over this bogey of fear.

"Mother, I *did* swing high today, did you see? Higher than Rosa. Mother, would you come and watch?" or "Mother, I went right up to my waist in the sea and a big wave came, and I didn't cry at all."

And to these little boasts of the timid child the mother would give a glad approval. "I *am* proud of you, my brave boy." In her heart was the secret knowledge that Laurence was that product of imagination and fear that is called a muff. She knew that he knew it too, and sought in his mother his one champion. It is not the blindness of mother love that makes infinite excuses, but the divine clear sight which discerns motives and difficulties where others do not see them.

"He'll have to go to school presently," Mark would say; "we must make a man of him." And at the word school Christina's heart would freeze with the dread of impending change.

"Not yet—oh! not for years yet," was her invariable answer; "he is so little and so delicate. And he's not like other boys; men wouldn't understand him."

Every saying of her children was recorded in her diary; their first letters,

their drawings she stored in her desk. Each evidence of her worth in their eyes was infinitely precious. Laurence, throwing himself against her, his ardent eyes upon her face, would say—

"Promise me you'll marry nobody but me, mother, when I'm big," and Rosa would run to squeeze her fat little person into the embrace, saying, "Me too, mother, me too."

And then they would quarrel over her, these two lovers, passionate in their admiration, and jealous for her possession, and she, knowing how brief must be their reign, how many her rivals, would thank God for this little time of absolute sovereignty.

Of change in herself Christina reckoned little. She had submitted to the discipline of motherhood gladly. Her old self, exacting, capricious and fanciful, had slipped away from her. What the conventual system does by careful art, Nature does to every mother who is willing to obey. Christina had submitted, and all unknowingly been chastened. That physical discipline, the asceticism, the fatigues, the sharp anguish of birth, the daily care of the nursing mother, all these had been hers, and she had accepted them cheerfully for her children's sake.

She came for the first time to feel a pity for the woman who had displaced Mrs. Warwick Brown, and assumed the legal position of wife to the erring husband.

"Now that she has a child she'll be different," she said, as she discussed the event with her neighbor.

"Poor little innocent thing, what a position and what an inheritance for a child," sighed Mrs. Vere Brown.

"Yes, who could blame her if she does turn out badly?" answered Christina, no prescience of the future falling on her with the words. But that night she prayed for the Warwick Brown baby that grace might prevail against heredity.

Of coming change Christina was all unaware. Yet when she looked back to the days that ended the old order, it seemed to her that they had much of that clear brilliance which often precedes storm. She had come to feel a pleasant security in her happiness. Her life was full of duties and little interests. It followed a routine that seemed as if it might stretch into eternity.

Looking back, it seemed to her that one December Sunday was the crown of the old order of things.

The day was very mild, as the days so often are before Christmas. Mr. Ingleby called early to suggest a walk towards the country. Mark agreed readily. On Sunday afternoon he missed the little works that his conscience forbade him, and he loved to walk out in proud possession of his children. Christina suggested duties that would keep her in the house, but Mr. Ingleby would take no refusal.

"We must all go," he said; "it is a day when every Briton is abroad. We'll bring mail-carts or anything you wish for the little one."

Mark looked fondly at the little sturdy daughter who was playing near the sofa.

"Rosa can walk very far—can't you, Rosa? And if she's tired I'll carry her."

He pulled the child to his knee, smoothing back her curls with a large caressing hand. There shone in his eyes that passion of proud fatherly devotion that some men expend on their daughters. Christina, looking at him at this moment, knew that she had at least given him his dearest treasure. In her daughter she had her own unconscious rival, an object of worship perfectly satisfactory, because the worshiper expected but scant return.

"I'll go with daddy," said the child.

"And me with mother," Laurence's

voice called from a corner where he was reading.

Christina's eyes beamed gratitude on her first-born.

"Suppose you children find out if any of the Browns can come too," she suggested; "Jack will, I'm certain, and Theo and Harry. We'll keep them to tea."

A little later the whole party set out, the elders walking behind, the children scampering ahead, Rosa's hand held by the kindly Jack Brown, who, having been long apprenticed to nursery cares, always took on himself the charge of babies.

Jack was at this time a lanky schoolboy, very shy and gruff, always in garments a little short in the sleeves, always in boots with an embarrassing squeak, but always a favorite. He had small taste for books, but an astonishing taste for mechanics; and Jack's electrical machines, his mills and engines and dynamos, were a perpetual interest to his own family and to all his neighbors.

Jack's good nature was the prey of everybody. He was sent for stamps and butter and herrings and reels of thread at any moment after he had straggled home from school. He was his mother's right-hand man, her lover, her cavalier, her faithful servant. All Jack's dreams set to the day when he should come home rich and with a motor for the over-worked mother. Of his father he was tolerant. "I don't think my father has proper scope," was his judgment.

Jack was always delighted to fall in with other people's convenience, and to walk with little Rosa Travis was quite to his mind.

On this fine Sunday all the world seemed to be abroad.

"It is the festival of British parent-hood, isn't it?" asked Mr. Ingleby, as they passed innumerable perambulators and parents.

"A humdrum life is very pleasant after all," said Mark. "We are Tom, Dick and Harry I suppose, but I don't ask anything better; do you, mother?"

The Christina of their courtship days had been entirely absorbed in the later title "mother," and Christina was satisfied. Looking at her children as they ran before her, she answered smiling.

"No, I don't want anything better, daddy, just that it should go on—and on. Why won't they stay children longer?"

Mark took her arm. He had grown rather stout, and walked slowly like the pug, who, very stout, and elderly, waddled behind them.

"They will grow up and marry, my dear, and we old people shall remain, and you, Ingleby, you must stay near us."

"Please God," said Mr. Ingleby.

They walked to the country roads that were so near Westhampton. Beyond the town lay this district of hill and valley, copse, stream and pastureland.

"I love the winter landscape," said Christina; "it is more soothing than the summer. Summer is too beautiful. It taxes one's capacities, or it challenges a response that only youth can give. Is it that, Mr. Ingleby?"

"Have you too found out that? It is so with me. I love the quiet dun beauties of the winter world. You must seek them out. As you say, the summer and the spring overwhelm one. They are too prodigal; there is no time to appreciate them. But in winter one has leisure to notice each little delicate loveliness. It is a season quite in harmony with middle age."

The children ran shouting ahead and then rushed back. Rosa's red coat was a flash of color in the quiet tones of the countryside.



"Oh! if my third baby were here!" said Christina quickly; "one child never makes up for another."

"Would you wish it otherwise?" asked Mr. Ingleby. "They are separate beings."

"No, he is mine wherever he is. And as you said to me at the time, Mr. Ingleby, this communion of all souls makes life far more beautiful. You said to me then, do you remember? 'If we had not our dead we should be like a night without stars.' I have thought of it often."

Mark, thinking out his platitude carefully, uttered it with that pleasant sense of originality which the platitude-maker so often enjoys. "I'm sure sorrow teaches us sympathy," he said. "See how close we three have grown to each other. You have had your troubles, Ingleby, I'm certain."

"Yes," said Mr. Ingleby, "my sorrow has been one which is perhaps harder to bear than death, a life of sorrow for one I loved. But it was ended last week. I never told you of this trouble, though some people knew it. My mother was out of her mind. This mental trouble became so acute that I had to put her in a home, where she could receive constant care and proper treatment. I went often to see her, but it brought her no pleasure. But this strange mystery of her purgation is over, thank God."

Christina understood now that asceticism of habit which many called stinginess in Mr. Ingleby.

"We never knew," she said quickly. "Oh! I'm so sorry—and you who have comforted us have never been bitter or rebellious yourself."

"Yes I have, but those days are passed."

"Can you understand?"

"Understand the mystery of suffering? No, I can only believe that it is eventually transmuted into good.

In the mystical life of the saints this 'dark night of the soul' seems, as it were, the ante-chamber to the celestial brightness. I believe it is often so, not the less because this state of the soul has a physical cause. My mother was of the saints, a Puritan saint, narrow and strict; perhaps the revelation of the Beatific Vision has been the more radiant to her on that account."

There was silence between the three for a while. Rosa had fallen down and Mark hastened forward to dry her tears and wipe her knees with his handkerchief.

"How he idolizes that child," said Ingleby, with a smile.

Christina looked tenderly at them both.

"Thank God," she said quietly, "that if I have failed him in much I have at least given him the perfect romance of life, a child."

The afternoon fell in molten gold behind the trees, the air grew chilly, and they hurried home to the firelit room and the cheerful tea-table. All the time Christina was curiously conscious of her happiness. She seemed to grasp with both hands the joy of this ordinary life. She realized the precious relationships of home, father, mother and children. During the eight years that had passed, her own parents had died, and she had become the more keenly aware of the value of domestic ties.

After supper she and her husband sat on the sofa, his warm, fat hand holding hers. In this position he shortly fell asleep, his head resting on the sofa cushion. Mr. Ingleby smiled at her over his eyeglasses and went on reading.

At ten o'clock he rose and took leave.

"Good-bye, my dear friends," he said, "and God be with you."

At the little garden gate he turned

to look back at them standing in the hall together. It was scarcely a week later that he stood by Mark Travis's grave.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE QUESTION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

Among the important problems which will be discussed at the Peace Conference, that of Alsace-Lorraine particularly concerns France; but it is a problem which none of those nations today fighting for justice and right can ignore, for Alsace-Lorraine is a question of justice and right to us.

In order to explain this question to foreigners, and even to Frenchmen who have not perhaps deeply considered it, we have undertaken to give a simple and brief account of it.

### I.—PAST HISTORY OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

A short historical survey is first of all necessary.

The actual region of Alsace-Lorraine was, twenty centuries ago, a part of Gaul, which was bounded at the east by the Rhine. The ancestry of the population is Gallic, just as in the rest of France. Later inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine fought with Vercingétorix against Cæsar, in order to defend the independence of their common country. When Rome conquered Gaul they absorbed the Latin culture in the same way as the rest of the population and perhaps even more completely.

Thus it will be seen that in the days of its early origins the future Alsace-Lorraine was a part of the future France.

It is true that in the fifth century, at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire, barbarians, Alamans or Franks, from beyond the right bank of the Rhine, penetrated into the east of this region; to this day a Germanic dialect is spoken there. But Metz was never touched by this

invasion, which broke itself in vain against its fortifications. The town and a large slice of territory to the east have never spoken German. The French language has also been preserved in Alsace, not only at Belfort and at Delle, which France kept in 1871, but in the valleys of the Vosges as well.

At the time of the Merovingians and the Carolingians, from the fifth to the nineteenth century, the whole region was a part of the Frankish kingdom. Its warriors fought under the orders of Charlemagne beyond the Rhine in those wars by which he subdued Germany.

Then comes an extremely confused epoch when the empire founded by Charlemagne fell into dissolution. His grandchildren divided it amongst themselves in the year 843 by the compact of Verdun. The region of Alsace-Lorraine was for a time included in a temporary kingdom established between France and Germany; then it was tossed about between the two countries. In the tenth century it recognized the sovereignty of the German kings. And in this same country the region of Alsace-Lorraine, which had had until then a common destiny, divided in two. Lorraine became a duchy; Alsace became attached to a duchy of the German kingdom—Suabia. It was a badly-chosen union, for the Alsatian detests the Suabian, the "Schwob" as he terms him, the word being a gross insult from the lips of an Alsatian.

Here, then, we find the whole region swallowed up by Germany, but the Germany of those days resembled in

no way the Germany of today. Its kings, powerful at the time of the tenth century, had taken the title of Emperor. Their empire rejoiced in the bizarre and boastful appellation of Holy Roman Germanic Empire, for the vanity of Germany is as old as Germany itself. This empire comprised, in addition to Germany, Holland, a part of Belgium, the valleys of the Saone and the Rhone, and a considerable part of Italy. The imperial authority was exceedingly badly accepted in these countries; in Germany itself it waned unceasingly up to the middle of the thirteenth century, when the whole country fell into complete anarchy and broke up into hundreds of separate States, each of them considering itself as the sovereign State.

## II—LORRAINE UP TO ITS REUNION WITH FRANCE.

We must now follow the history of Alsace and Lorraine since their separation up to the time of the reunion with France, beginning with Lorraine.

From the Duchy of Lorraine the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun became detached. The following are the circumstances in which they became French.

In the sixteenth century the Emperor of Germany, Charles the Fifth, more powerful than any of his predecessors, wished to impose his authority on all the German princes. In order to defend their liberties several of these princes allied themselves with the King of France, Henry the Second, and invited him to occupy Metz, Toul, and Verdun, which were, they said, "French-speaking parts." These towns were accordingly occupied. Charles the Fifth attempted to retake Metz, which he besieged with a great army. But the Duke of Guise, commanding in the name of the King of France, defended the town, and the inhabi-

tants assisted him in fortifying it. Beaten, Charles the Fifth fled to Germany. For the second time Metz had withstood a German invasion.

It will be asked what became of the Duchy of Lorraine during this time. The Dukes had continued for a certain period to acknowledge the suzerainty of Germany, but from the fourteenth century they began to look towards France. During the Hundred Years' War a number of nobles from Lorraine fought with us against our enemy of those days—the English. In 1542, by the Treaty of Nuremberg, Charles the Fifth recognized the independence of the Duke of Lorraine, who thus ceased to be a vassal of Germany and became an independent sovereign.

From this time, at the Court of the Dukes of Lorraine at Nancy, the capital, and in the whole country, a purely French civilization took root. Now it happened in 1737 that the last Duke, Francis the Third, by one of those curious arrangements which were sometimes made in the eighteenth century, exchanged the birthright of his ancestors for the Duchy of Tuscany and the hope of the Imperial German crown. By his marriage with Marie-Thérèse, daughter of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, who died in 1740 without a male heir, Francis the Third of Lorraine became the Emperor Francis the First. As for the Duchy of Lorraine, it was handed over to the dispossessed King of Poland, Stanislas Leszczinski, whose daughter had married the King of France, Louis the Fifteenth.

Without question, during the course of the seventeenth century, France had more than once used violence against the Duke of Lorraine, who had constituted himself our enemy, but the memory of this died out. The reign of the father-in-law of the King of France in Lorraine was a quiet

transition between its independence and its reunion with France, which took place in 1766. This reunion was accepted with such warmth that twenty-six years later, when the Emperor of Germany, grandson of the Duke Francis the Third, declared war against France, the whole of Lorraine rose in a body against the invader.

### III—ALSACE BEFORE ITS REUNION WITH FRANCE

Alsace was, in the Middle Ages, even more cut up into insignificant fragments than was Lorraine. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was still composed of a great number of lay and ecclesiastical properties; ten "free" towns which leagued themselves against these properties formed what was called the "Décapole"; Strasburg was a republic which possessed a considerable rural domination; Mulhausen, allied to the Swiss Protestant cantons, was nothing but a foreign slave to Alsace. These different States constantly made war one against the other. To all the causes of dissension the reform in the sixteenth century added yet another of which the effects profoundly affected the country; two camps were formed, that of the Protestants and that of the Catholics.

In 1618 there came war, which was destined to last thirty years. Alsace suffered greatly from this crisis, which shook the whole of Europe. The cause was the ambition of the Emperor of Germany, who wished to destroy liberty of conscience in his empire and also the freedom which the different States had long enjoyed. He was closely allied to the King of Spain, his cousin, like himself an enemy of liberty of conscience and of every other liberty. In Alsace the Protestants, in order to defend themselves, appealed to France; they invited our King, Louis the Thir-

teenth, to occupy their fortified towns, and this was done in 1633 and 1634. The Catholics, to protect themselves against the Swiss Protestants, who were fighting in Alsace and committing every kind of excess, opened their towns to French troops. The French, summoned by the Alsations, thus occupied almost the entire country. In 1635 France entered into a war against the King of Spain and the Emperor, and was victorious. Peace was signed at Münster in 1648, and the French possession of Alsace was recognized in "compensation" for the help that she had given during thirteen years of war to the enemies of the King of Spain and the Emperor.

Thus after a long separation Alsace-Lorraine became reunited under the rule of France. From now onwards their destiny is a common one in both good and bad days.

We should have liked to describe French rule in these provinces at some length, but we have promised to be brief; we will only state what is essential, speaking more particularly of Alsace. The question is, besides, more interesting to study in Alsace than in Lorraine; Alsace was more complex; the difference of manners and customs greater between France and Alsace than between France and Lorraine. The task of French administration was thus more difficult in Alsace. For the rest, her principles and her conduct were the same in both provinces. They had an equal success—the profound and intimate union of the two provinces in the common *patrie*.

### IV—ALSACE UNDER FRENCH RULE.

The clauses in the Treaty of Münster relative to Alsace were obscure on more than one point, and France did not delay in obtaining the fullest advantage from these. She stretched her sovereignty over the entire prov-

ince; on September 30th, 1681, she occupied the town of Strasbourg; the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 recognized her right to the possession of the whole of Alsace, and from this time the Rhine marked the frontier between Alsace and Germany. The town of Mulhausen alone continued to acknowledge Switzerland.

France made great effort to win the Alsatian population and to make a moral conquest of the province. The old political framework was preserved; the different Alsatian States continued to exist until the Revolution under the authority of their nobles. The ancient constitutions of the towns were respected; Strasbourg remained a little republic, freely nominating its magistrates. The inhabitants were allowed to keep their customs and habits and their dialect; German was taught in the schools as in the past; the French Government did not dream of imposing the French language. The change of rule was scarcely noticeable.

However, above all these small States the sovereignty of France was felt, and France was careful to take in hand the general interests of the province which Germany had neglected. She restored the ruins which had accumulated during the Thirty Years' War; she repopulated the country in opening it to colonists; she patronized agriculture; she exploited the fine forests of the Vosges to build vessels for the royal navy; she authorized the creation of manufactures, and in the eighteenth century industry developed enormously. New roads were made, canals were built and commerce became very active. The province became rich and the population increased threefold. Such was the work of the French governors who administered the province admirably.

A High Court of Justice, the "*Conseil Supérieur*," was established to

judge on appeal those cases carried in the first instance before the judges of the towns and country districts, and this Court dispensed an enlightened law; it received the petitions of the poor, even those directed against their nobles; and it gave a verdict for the humble, when the humble were in the right.

Thus in Alsace, before the reunion with France, existed chaos, insubordination, private interests warring one against the other, and paralyzed industrial forces; after the reunion, order was established without violence, vested interests disappeared before a general power which imposed justice and prosperity.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that France, in amalgamating the various elements that she found and in adding the influence of her own genius, had created that political body known as Alsace.

The influence of this genius became very powerful in the eighteenth century. The Alsatian had become a Frenchman, loved the charm of all that came from France, and had adopted those ideas which paved the way for the French Revolution—those ideas of the rights of man, the rights of the people, liberty, equality, and fraternity.

In no part of France was the Revolution more warmly welcomed than in Alsace. One of its first acts was of considerable benefit to the province: feudal rights were abolished by the National Assembly during the celebrated night of August 4th, 1789. These rights weighed heavily on the Alsatians in the countless "*seigneuries*" which had existed under French rule, and thus the last trace of the servitude of ancient times disappeared.

A sentiment of joy and pride broke out in a symbolical act of noble character. On June 13th, 1790, at one of the first fêtes which paved the way for



the great fête of the National Federation, a tricolor flag was placed not far from Strasbourg, facing Germany; it bore on it this glorious inscription: "Here commences the Land of Liberty." Without doubt it was pure chance that the first rendering of the "Marseillaise" was given by Rouget de l'Isle before the Mayor of Strasbourg on April 26th, 1792; but Alsace merited the honor of being the first to hear the song of free peoples for the enthusiasm with which she had welcomed the new ideas.

During the revolutionary period, in 1798, Alsace became complete, having retrieved Mulhausen.

The union of Mulhausen with Alsace and France was solicited by the inhabitants of Mulhausen as an honor. The representatives of the town and a French commissary arranged the text of a treaty which was ratified by the bourgeoisie of Mulhausen, then by the two French Houses of Parliament of that time, the Conseil des Cinq-Cent and the Conseil des Anciens; the following are the opening words:—

"The Republic of France accords the wish of the citizens of Mulhausen."

On March 15th, 1798, the French authorities presented themselves at the gates of the town; from the interior an official cried out: "Wer da?" (Who is there?). The reply was: "The French Republicans." The rest of the dialogue was carried on in French.

"What is your mission, citizens?" "We announce the arrival of the Commissary of the Government, who will hand over to you the Act which will unite your republic to the Great Nation; we have come to fraternize with you." "Welcome, citizens, you bring good news." "Our brothers-in-arms carry you the symbol of peace and union; be good enough to accept it." "Advance, Frenchmen; victory goes before you; peace follows you."

The group of Frenchmen entered; a long cortège formed up; at the four corners of the town trees of liberty were planted; in the square a ditch was dug, and, before planting in it the fifth tree, the insignia of the past was buried—arms of the town, statutes, corporation banners. As for the flag of Mulhausen, it was enveloped in a tricolor flag which bore this inscription:—

"The Republic of Mulhausen reposes in the bosom of the Republic of France."

This act of the reunion of Mulhausen, so honorable for France, has no parallel in history.

It is common knowledge that Alsace gave a great number of officers and soldiers to the wars of the Revolution, amongst whom Kléber, of Strasbourg, stands in the first rank. In these wars the union of Alsace and France was sealed in blood and glory. And at the same time the Revolution completed the destruction of the monarchy in that part of the province which had become departments of the Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin. Alsace found herself completely transformed: a common law had replaced archaic customs; an even justice all that "justice" which as often as not was merely an exploitation of small tyrannies; all citizens were equal and none was privileged; no longer were Protestants and Catholics warring one against the other, but liberty of conscience prevailed. And, lastly, every liberty.

Truly is Alsace a creation of France.

Alsace has been grateful; and she has shown it by her faithful love for the "patrie." She has served valiantly in the Imperial armies; numerous are the names of Alsatian generals inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe. When in 1814 and 1815 the Germans invaded our two departments of the Rhine they were amazed to find in them such a solid attachment for

France; their poets had treated the Alsatians as "degenerate brothers."

The Germans failed to understand this renunciation of the honor of belonging to them by ties of blood and this want of duty in failing to love them on the part of the Alsatians. On every possible occasion they sought to recall the Alsatians to their duty. One day, at one of those fêtes which in time of peace brought natives from the other side of the Rhine as visitors to Strasbourg, a burgomaster, one of those numerous Germans who practise to perfection the art of "putting their foot in it," proposed the following toast: "I drink to Alsace, the daughter of Germany." The Mayor of Strasbourg explained: "I do not know if Alsace is the daughter of Germany; but I do know that she is the wife of France and gives, and will always give, her her children."

During the nineteenth century several political *régimes* succeeded each other in France. Alsace, by the choice of its deputies in the House, gave witness to her liberal and democratic tendencies. She acclaimed the revolution of 1848; that same year she celebrated with immense enthusiasm the second centenary of her union with France. She thanked "the destiny which, for the last two centuries, had given her so beautiful and so noble a country."

It can conscientiously be affirmed before God and before man that no part of France was more profoundly French than Alsace-Lorraine at the moment of the war of 1870. Patriotism was keener there than anywhere else on the frontier. Alsatians and Lorrainers knew that they were the bulwarks of France.

#### V—THE ANNEXATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE BY GERMANY.

In July, 1870, it was known in Paris that a Prussian prince had accepted

the Spanish crown. Feeling ran strong throughout France. Negotiations took place between the two Governments, during the course of which Bismarck at Ems dispatched a lying and insulting telegram. War broke out and was for us, ill-prepared as we were, a succession of misfortunes.

In January, 1871, France, conquered, was obliged to conclude an armistice. The enemy made his conditions known; the most terrible was the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine. The two provinces were occupied by the conqueror when the constituencies of Alsace and Lorraine elected their deputies to the *Assemblée Nationale* which was about to meet at Bordeaux. To these deputies the electors from the departments of Haut-Rhin, Bas-Rhin, and the Moselle gave a mandate to protest against any annexation by Germany, and that their unanimous will was to remain French. At the first sitting of the *Assemblée Nationale*, on February 17th, 1871, they issued the following mandate:—

We take our co-citizens of France, the governments and the peoples of the entire world, as witness that we regard in advance as null and void all acts and treaties, votes and plebiscites, which would consent to abandon to a foreign country the whole or any part of our provinces of Alsace and of Lorraine.

We proclaim the forever inviolable right of the Alsatians and Lorrainers to remain members of the French nation, and we swear for ourselves as well as for our constituents, our children and their descendants to vindicate it eternally and by every means, towards and against all usurpers.

But France could no longer continue the struggle. On March 1st the *Assemblée* voted the preliminaries of peace. The deputation from Alsace-Lorraine then read a magnificent and heart-rending protest:—

We declare once more to be null and void any treaty which disposes of us without our consent.

The vindication of our rights remains forever open to all and each one in the form and degree that our conscience shall dictate to us.

At the moment of quitting these precincts where our dignity no longer permits us to sit, and in spite of the bitterness of our pain, the supreme thought in our hearts is a thought of gratitude for those who, during six months, have never ceased to defend us, and of an unchanging attachment to the country from which we are so violently torn.

We shall follow you in our thoughts, and we look forward with confidence to the future, when a regenerated France once more takes up the course of her great destiny.

Your brothers of Alsace and Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will conserve for France, absent from their homes, a filial affection until that day when they will come and once more take their places there.

#### VI—ALSACE-LORRAINE AFTER ANNEXATION.

It is remarkable that the people of Alsace-Lorraine have never blamed France when she was forced to abandon them; they have, on the contrary, thanked her for having defended them "during six months." They understood that they were the ransom of peace, the inevitable consequence of our defeat. All their resentment is against Germany, who insulted their ordinary human dignity. During the half-century that they lived under the yoke they never ceased to protest against their trampled rights. In the Reichstag in 1874 their deputies have unanimously declared:—

Germany has exceeded her rights as a civilized nation in forcing a conquered France to sacrifice a million and a half of her children. In the name of the people of Alsace and Lor-

raine, sold by the Treaty of Frankfort, we protest against the abuse of force of which we are the victims.

In 1887 the protest was renewed.

The Reichstag had no cure for these sentiments. It sneered on hearing people talk of their rights, for Germany today recognizes no right but that of force.

Alsace-Lorraine was not even put on an equal footing with other German States; it was made a "Reichsland," that is to say, a province of the Empire, the collective property of other States. Bismarck wished to interest the whole of Germany in the conservation of the conquest. A conquest that the fear of the resentment of France would appear to place in jeopardy would be an efficacious means to hold united the different parts of the new Empire. To this political interest he sacrificed dignity and the liberty of fifteen hundred thousand souls.

Alsace-Lorraine from 1871 to 1892 was under the *régime* of a dictatorship. No vexation was spared her. All traces of France were banished. The French language was forbidden in the primary schools, on advertisements, on signboards, and, by an odious refinement of cruelty, on tombs. The inhabitants were watched by the police; an inquisition was established in each home; unhappy were those who manifested in their conversation any sympathy for their former country. One German Governor alone, Baron de Manteuffel attempted to win the population by kindness; but all the officials from beyond the Rhine rose against him, fought his system, and crushed it. On January 1st, 1888, Alsace-Lorraine was subjected to the odious *régime* of passports as a punishment for the protest elections of 1887. The frontier on the French side was completely closed; no one could cross it without presenting a passport *visé* by the German Ambassador in Paris,

and this *visa* was systematically refused to French people. The Germans desired to cut off completely all communication between the two countries, to separate them by a wall, as if above this barrier ideas could not spread and hearts could not beat with the same sentiment of affection! For three years, until the fall of Bismarck, this *régime* was applied to Alsace-Lorraine.

The Treaty of Frankfort had given the Alsace-Lorrainers the choice of French or German citizenship. Hundreds of thousands chose France. It was for these noble Frenchmen a profound sorrow to be thus forced to leave their native district, but they preferred it to the shame of seeing their sons one day forced to wear a German uniform. In order to replace these exiles, numerous immigrants arrived; officials of every kind, contractors, professors and schoolmasters, business men and small employés. The number of these has continued to grow; on the eve of the war of 1914, out of a population of 1,800,000 inhabitants, 400,000 were immigrants. They bore themselves as victors of a vanquished country, boasting of the greatness of the German Empire and of the German virtues, plainly showing their contempt for the Alsatians, for their obstinate fidelity and for all their social habits. The Alsatians felt that they had nothing in common with such people; each year the gulf between the two peoples became more and more wide. Two civilizations faced each other; that of Germany with its immense vanity, its cult of might, its subjection to militarism and its desire for universal domination, and that of Alsace-Lorraine, which, during such a long time, had participated in French culture and over which had passed the breath of the Revolution.

At the beginning of the twentieth  
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century a new generation appeared which had not seen the war of 1870 nor known the French *régime*, and which had studied in German schools and universities. To the great astonishment of all, this generation showed itself as hostile to Germany as were its elders. The instinct of heart and mind carried it towards France. But a return to the former "*patrie*" seeming impossible, this younger generation claimed the complete independence of their country; they stood out to direct the affairs of Alsace-Lorraine themselves; they demanded respect for the memories of past history and homage for those dead Alsatians fallen in fighting for France; and they absorbed the French culture which was for them a guarantee of independence and dignity.

The German Government then appeared to make a concession; but the Constitution that it drew up in 1911 was nothing but a bait. The Governor of the country, the Secretary of State, and the Under-Secretaries were nominated by the Emperor and were responsible only to him; on these the Alsatian Houses of Parliament, one of which is nominated in majority by the same Emperor, had no hold. The power of Prussia over Alsace was increased. Then took place the Saverne episode. An officer insulted the Alsatian recruits. Great feeling was produced in the barracks and the town. The punishment of the offender was demanded. But the military authorities took his part. The agitation spread to Germany. This scandal of militarism moved the Reichstadt, which complained, then subsided. Might remained with might.

Shortly afterwards were sent from Berlin as Governor and Secretary of State two bureaucratic Junkers with orders to recommence the persecutions. Already Prussia was thinking of incorporating Alsace-Lorraine, of removing

her nationality, and of cutting her out of the map of the world, when suddenly Germany—and her acolyte, Austria-Hungary, unchained the world-war.

#### VII—ALSACE-LORRAINE DURING THE WAR.

At this news the whole of Alsace-Lorraine trembled. At Mulhausen, at Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines, the liberating army was received with enthusiasm, the inhabitants weeping with joy to see once more the beloved French uniform; French flags hidden for forty-three years were drawn out. If by any chance any acts of hostility were committed against the French troops, the authors of such acts were German immigrants. For two and a half years the French soldier has felt himself in France, in the midst of a friendly population, at Thann, at Wesserling, at Dannemarie.

Thousands of Alsations have, in spite of the great dangers they ran, deserted the German army and fought with their brothers-in-arms. A reign of terror weighs on all parts of the province still occupied by Germany; councils of war have pronounced condemnations to prison of which the total is greater than three thousand years. After the war we shall know to what an extent the people of Alsace-Lorraine have paid with their life their fidelity to France.

#### CONCLUSION.

In annexing Alsace-Lorraine Germany declared that she only took back what belonged to her, since these provinces had been formerly torn from her by France.

We ask all honest men: Is it permissible to compare the French act of possession of these provinces with the way in which they fell to Germany in 1871?

Let us first of all consider Alsace and Germany at the moment when the

Treaty of Münster ceded Alsace to France. Did Alsace exist at that date? No. Does a Germany exist which can be a "patrie"? No; she can be no motherland, this Germany bristling with hundreds of interior frontier lines, a chaos of every different sort of State, represented in a Reichstag which is the most incoherent, the most ridiculous, and the feeblest assembly that history has ever known. Alsace, Germany were nothing but geographical expressions.

Neither Alsace nor Germany! To whom, then, is this separation painful? Who feels the rent? There were without doubt a few regretful protests from certain self-seeking persons, but these slight demurs died away very fast. The souvenir of a German Alsace remained only in the memories of scholars.

Let us now turn to Bordeaux in 1871. In the National Assembly sit the representatives of the French nation—a nation more strongly united than any in the world. They are discussing the treaty of peace of which M. Thiers has read a draft in a voice which for a moment is broken by a sob. Everyone knows that the necessity to submit this draft is inevitable. The Assembly votes, despair in the hearts of all. There is a protest; those comrades who are to be sacrificed rise to say farewell. No; it is the *au revoir* of brothers to brothers. They say: "Your brothers from Alsace and Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will guard a filial affection for France until the day when they will return to take once more their places there."

Here then is a rent, a bruise, an open wound. Brothers, family, home, filial affection, these words of protest constitute the question of Alsace-Lorraine.

Before this war it was often asked how the question would be settled. In



spite of the pain of the separation, the cruelty of the wound, France could not undertake a fresh struggle against a Power at its very zenith and which was perpetually increasing its military strength. She foresaw, besides, what evils a war would inflict on humanity. Vexations, affronts, defiance were not spared her, but she did not lose patience. No one reproached her with timidity. To her honor let it be said that Germany offered her friendship. After the victory Bismarck made advances to our Ambassador, M. de Saint Valliers—advances which were more than once repeated. "If we act together we could be the masters of the world" many highly-placed Germans said to us, and they were right. But we should have been forced to play "second fiddle" to Germany, and, above all, by a voluntary agreement, confirm the Treaty of Frankfort; that is to say, to renounce Alsace-Lorraine forever. If the Government in France had dared to tread the route that the German finger indicated, that Government would have immediately crumbled under the weight of the contempt. But France kept in her conscience the sentiment of her right and her duty. She waited. . . .

In Alsace-Lorraine, as time went on, hope sank in the hearts of many—not all. The general state of Europe, the reserve of France, the uncertainty of the future, all persuaded the people  
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of Alsace-Lorraine to seek a medium course—autonomy. Many were attracted to this idea, *faute de mieux* . . . but, the future in their minds, they, too, waited. . . .

Germany declared war on us. She has by so doing even destroyed the state of things resulting from the Treaty of Frankfort that she imposed. In her magnificent *élan* on the morrow of the declaration of war, in her courage, her patience, her perseverance, even more heroic than her bravery on the field, France is sustained by her longing to liberate and to take back to her "*foyer*" those children that she lost forty-six years ago. She is not waging a war of conquest; to take back what is hers is not conquest. She seeks no material interests. Our people are not thinking of the richness of the soil of Alsace and of Lorraine, of their agricultural products, of their vines and their mines; they are not thinking of iron or petrol or of potash. They simply demand that the "*patrie*" recovers that population which belongs to her, which was flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood. Our nation, in fighting for itself, is fighting for all the victims of injustice; and that the French cause should also be the cause of humanity in the conflict of today is a very great and peculiar honor for France.

Ernest Lavisse.

Christian Pfister.

## FOUL WEATHER.

BY FLEET SURGEON.

Ye gentlemen of England!  
That sit at home at ease,  
Oh! little do you think upon  
The dangers of the seas.

Out in the wild North Sea, two  
hundred miles from the nearest land,  
and that the land of the foe, His

Majesty's battle cruisers, head to  
wind, are steaming at the reduced  
speed of ten knots. We do not expect  
to meet the German Fleet in force,  
but there are "enterprises directed  
towards the North" of his that it is  
our duty to bring to naught, and for

the last two days, as for the next two, we have been accomplishing it by the mere terror of our presence. This is a test of endurance, the seamen of England against the soldiers on board ships of Germany.

Down below in my cabin I sit with my chair securely jammed, and hang on to the writing-table with one hand. In this box of white painted steel, measuring only ten feet by eight feet by seven feet, I live and move and have my separate being from the rest of the mess. This cabin is one of the few provided with natural daylight—imagine, if you can, what the absence of that privilege means!—and is plainly furnished with a bunk having drawers underneath, a writing-table, a chair, and a folding washstand. In spite of my solitary scuttle, the use of the two electric lights on such a day as this is absolutely necessary. For two years and more this has been my home—wet sometimes, cold often, comfortless always.

The stern of the ship rises with a mighty heave, and the whole vessel vibrates furiously to the wriggle of our four propellers. Then down and down she sinks until there is an ominous pause in the movement, and the scuttle is buried in the gray-green sea, so that only the electric lights save me from utter darkness. Overhead I can hear the crash of hundreds of tons of water falling upon our quarter-deck. Then as the heave is repeated, combined with a sideways jerk and a roll that sends me trundling on to the deck, I can hear through the enormous thickness of the ship's steel sides the Niagara of water as it hastens back to the ocean whence it came. The sound of falling water and the swish, swaash, swish, as it sweeps across the deck outside my cabin remind me that it is time to get my sea-boots on. So far the water is only two inches deep, but when it rises to the height

of my eight-inch door coaming my cabin will be flooded. The water goes on steadily rising, and I clear my lower drawers in preparation for what I know is coming.

The ship stops, shudders, gasps, and then with a rapidly rolling motion glides down into the trough of the sea. Instinctively I grip at the table with one hand, whilst with the other I attempt to stay the flood of opening drawers which are emptying their contents on to the floor. Stupidly enough I have forgotten to lock them. Somehow or other I get them filled up and replaced, remembering this time to turn the key.

The hatches and ventilators on deck have all been battened down to prevent them from being filled with salt water as they are submerged beneath the waves, so of course the fans have been stopped and there has been no fresh-air supply to my cabin for over twenty-four hours. The atmosphere below is damp and almost unbreathable. One is heavy and stupid from carbonic acid gas poisoning. I have to sleep—yes! that is the word, *sleep!*—here tonight, so the less I continue to foul the limited supply of air the better. But where to go?

Anyhow, I must get some fresh air.

Sea-legs? I've had sea-legs for twenty years, but now I might just as well have wooden ones. The seas outside are averaging about twenty feet in height, and three every two minutes. The ship is rolling through an angle of 18 to 27 degrees, the latter being about the slope of the ordinary roof. These seas are short and jerky in the North Sea, where the shallow waters and confined space prevent the long smooth swell such as is found in the Atlantic, and over which we should ride in absolute comfort. Just imagine the room of the ordinary house rising bodily in the air for a distance of twenty feet every forty

seconds, whilst in the same time the sides of the floor are alternately depressed and elevated through an arc of twenty degrees—a distance on this ship of sixteen feet. During twenty seconds the slope is towards you, and for the other twenty you are looking down a steep hill. At the maximum of each motion walking is impossible. The only method of progression is by taking a few short steps at the end of each pitch-roll-heave, and on my skill in forecasting the incidence and duration of this period depends my immunity from serious injury. At the end of these short dashes I jam myself against a bulkhead, feeling lucky if I can get hold of the edges of a cabin doorway, which all the demons of the storm seem to be wrenching from my straining fingers. If I fail to seize hold of anything or am forced to let go, I sit down in the water in the passage at once to prevent myself being jerked like a stone from a catapult against the opposite bulkhead. Occasionally I make an error, and for days afterwards I shall feel the effects of the specially hardened steel which butts and bruises my breathless body.

After having advanced about fifty feet in five minutes, I wonder whether it is worth while going on. But the recollection of my cabin atmosphere warns me that if to go on is to get hurt, to go back is to be sick. Yes, sick! The sea, in all its power and majesty, from a typhoon in the Formosa Channel to a full gale amidst the mountainous rollers off Cape Leeuwin, has done its worst to make me sick, and failed. What the sea alone could not do, my dog-kennel could manage in five minutes with as little difficulty as if I had swallowed an emetic. And—I've got to sleep there tonight or take my chance on the upper mess-decks in a foot of water. Ugh!

I meet another officer in the narrow passage, and warily we watch one

another like a couple of professional wrestlers manœuvring for an opening. Somehow or other we pass, he with a scratch on one side of his mouth and I with a wild stamp on my foot. As we balance for the fraction of a minute afterwards he shouts cheerily, "Who would sell a farm and go to sea?" "Harley Street and a good bedside manner for me!" I reply, and we stagger apart.

Our ships are built to fight, and after that—oh! a long way after that—to live in. Over two years of warfare have perfectly satisfied me as to their grim efficiency for the work we have at present in hand. But if I could get hold of the constructor who designed that ladder and hatchway, I could wish him no worse than to see him going up before me. Luckily the ladder has fairly open rungs, and, provided they are strongly enough fastened to withstand my efforts at tearing them away from the steel bulkhead, I ought to manage all right.

At last I am more or less in the open, breathing deep, welcome draughts of the purest air that man can know, laden with salt spray though it is. I am more or less sheltered from the full fury of the wind by the steel superstructure surrounding the lower part of the forebridge and looking down over the after part of the ship.

There is a leaden, lowering sky overhead, fringed as it meets the horizon by a band of steel-gray luminous mist. No movement is visible on that pall that shrouds the sun. Its immensity presses on the world and the brain contemplating it, threatening to crush both in its suggestion of ineffable gloom. Streaks of dark smoke are driven downwards into the sea from our funnels. Impelled by the angry blows of the storm gigantic waves rush madly past us, rearing with pain until, seeking to hide from the merciless hand that

hunts them, they disappear under a smother of foam. They meet the ship in their course and, furious at this new obstacle which impedes their escape, break over and attempt to overwhelm her. Laboring heavily and jerkily, the ship raises first one side and then the other to her implacable enemy, which, balked in its efforts at crushing, dives under and by main force tries to heave her over. The open deck is a death-trap on which the swirling waters seem to be eagerly seeking the fool who would dare to attempt a crossing.

I am looking on at the most titanic struggle that ever takes place—a struggle which is so much a part of my life that its import barely attracts my attention. The most powerful and costly instrument made by man, and, with one exception, the most destructive agency of the forces of nature, are joined in combat.

And down below on the sodden mess-deck a group of stokers are discussing the question of—leave! What else is there to discuss? Food? The galley has long ago been swamped out, and dry bread and a slice of corned beef are all they are likely to see for the next twenty-four hours. Sleep? The mess-decks have a foot of water on them, and the slung hammocks are banging with great, vicious whacks either against the bulkheads or the man lying alongside. Their clothing is wet and filthy; they are sick or hungry, or both; they are overworked, tired, and sleepy; they are living in unimaginable misery; they are smarting under the recollection of the loafer on shore who has stepped into their jobs and is walking out with their best girls. So they are discussing the question dearest to the sailor-man's heart. And as a specially heavy sea breaks in through the chinks in the gun port and souses them thoroughly for the twentieth

time that day, these inexpressible lunatics burst into a roar of laughter and shout "Do it again!"

The battle of Jutland is fought and over, and without undue haste, as becomes the rulers of the seas, we are returning with our dead. Mourning our losses, but by no means cast down by them, we enter the narrow waters that lead to our base. We have carried out the duty for which we were born, trained, and paid. That 9000 of our friends and shipmates will never return to gladden the eyes of that silent, waiting crowd on the piers is the only message we shrink from delivering. We can feel through the horrible stillness of our progress to our billets how they can and recognize the ships as they pass. Gripped with deadly despair, they pray that the next ship may be *their* ship. "Thank God! Thank God!" shouted one woman; "that is the *Invincible*." But it was the *Inflexible*. "Where is the *Queen Mary*?" moaned another. "Oh, where is the *Queen Mary*?" Ay, where?

These men were our past shipmates, our present friends, our future supports, bound to us by the all-powerful ties that link the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships. They had done their duty as they had lived, singly, simply, and worthily, and had fallen in no mean effort. Even amidst the unspeakable agonies of the watertight compartments of the sunken ships, before the kindly hand of suffocation had eased their pain, we knew that they were content. We who, in all knowledge, had faced the same horrors and escaped to go back again and again to encounter them once more knew well what we had done. Still in our ears was ringing Sir David Beatty's signal, made in the gray dawn of the 1st of June, "We hope to meet the enemy today and utterly annihilate him. Every man

must do his utmost." We remembered the long cruise up and down amongst the ghastly relics of the battle area, hoping against hope, and the failure of that hope. The value of our work we had gauged from that cruise and the utter failure of the enemy even to attempt a destroyer attack during the night.

Victory! We were not out for the victories which please the children and adorn newspaper headings. We were out to prove to the German that at whatever cost to ourselves, he ventured upon the open seas at his peril. He had been taught his lesson, and had had it rubbed into him in a way his grandchildren will never forget. Is it victory for Germany to know that the seas are closed to him while one English keel remains to dispute it—that come he in power or weakness, the result is the same? . . .

Our wounded are landed and our dead are buried, and we are free to go ashore for the short period the Service can spare us. We shrink from meeting our wives on the doorstep, lest the new-made widow next door may have her agony renewed at the sight. With hearts swelling with anger, we note the pitying glances of the soldiers, who furtively look the other way and forget to salute us as we pass. In the streets of the local town we are hissed, for what do the men who guard the seas for the greatest maritime nation on earth deserve better? We have done our work and paid the price with our own bodies, but to this nation of shopkeepers the cost in ships is so excessive as to be worse than a cheaper defeat. Why didn't we run away and save our ships, when speed had been given us at great expense in order that we might do so? Why did Beatty attack the superior German fleet? Why didn't he fall

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back on the Grand Fleet? Why didn't he do this, that, and the other? In order, my parsimonious friend, that you might sleep in safety with your wife tonight!

It is all over and done with now, but—the Great Silent Navy does not easily forget. For the future we know that, as heretofore, we must do our work and hold our peace, leaving to history the kindly judgment our contemporaries have failed to give.

Our "defeated" battle cruisers have ranged the North Sea at will, and now approach the far northern base where the great battleships, which have never seen anything except the sterns of the enemy, lie at anchor. As we round the point and approach the grim gray shapes, we can see that there is unusual activity, about their decks, and we wonder what has happened. Gradually it dawns upon us that they are manning the ships, but even then we have no suspicion of what this means, the first time it has happened since the war started. As our anchors are let go, a burst of cheering thrice repeated swells in mighty unison from the throats of thirty thousand men, and fading into the distance, rises anew from the ships we cannot see. With a choking in our throats we read the signal flying from the flagship of our beloved Commander-in-Chief:

Welcome to the Battle Cruiser Fleet.

We are with our own people again.  
We are content.

Did you voyage all unspoken small  
and lonely?

Or with fame, the happy fortune of  
the few?

So you win the Golden Harbor in the  
old way,

There's the old sea welcome waiting  
there for you.



## THE RAID.

"You are to have a rest this time up," said O. C. Company. "You're for a sort of course; attached to the artillery for information, the order says. Anyway, you're not for the front line. You've eight clear days, and a bed at the end of everyone of them. You lucky blighter!"

"Sounds all right," said Second-Lieutenant Penne. "Wonder what 'attached to the artillery' means!"

"When I was attached to the artillery," said O. C. Company, "it chiefly meant that I turned up at the battery about eleven o'clock and went down to the O.P. with the observing officer; at twelve o'clock I came back with the officer he'd relieved, and stayed to lunch. In the afternoons I used to contrive to be invited to tea at C Battery; they have an excellent gramophone."

"What made them choose me for this great honor?"

"Well, you've been doing your share lately, you know. We're all to have a turn out some day."

Penne wandered away to his own billet. He had few illusions about the favor he was receiving.

*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* is an excellent rule of conduct, and applies equally well to orderly-rooms which grant unasked-for periods of rest. Really, he did not want the rest. Everyone would be in the front line, save one or two others who had also received the unexpected favor. Altogether he found there would be six of them, two from each of A, B, and C Companies.

"Shall I put your equipment together, sir?"

"No; we're not going up this time."

Harris, Penne's batman, stared. "Not goin' up, sir? Ain't the battalion goin'?"

"Yes, they're going all right; but you and I and five other officers and their batmen are staying behind—for a rest."

Harris had no answer to this save a soft whistle. Then, after a while, he said, "It's a stunt, isn't it, sir?"

"I hope so," said Penne.

"You'll take me, sir?"

"We'll see, Harris. Time enough for that when it comes off."

For six days the six subalterns had a delightful time. After breakfast at the comfortable hour of nine, they sallied forth to shop in the village. They bought plums, salad, fresh vegetables, and French bread, which they later took up to the officers in the line. After that they split up among the various batteries in the neighborhood, and from various O.P.'s studied No Man's Land diligently through a telescope. At night they gathered in their temporary mess and swopped lies which they had collected from the artillery during the day.

On the night of the sixth day they were sitting down to dinner when an orderly arrived. "Second-Lieutenants Hudson and Williams will report to Major Wilson by 9 A.M. tomorrow the 6th inst."

"Six little subalterns  
Far from battle's roar;  
Down came an orderly,  
And then there were four,"

said Penne. "Wonder what's up!"

Before dinner was over the two B Company subalterns had also received a similar notice, and by the time coffee arrived a runner from A Company presented Penne with a chit requesting the pleasure of his company *chez* Major Wilson on the morrow.

"Second-Lieutenant P. Fletcher Carr," said Penne, "you are hereby

requested to accompany me to the abode of one hight Major Wilson on the morrow to receive instructions."

"Oh! am I?" said that worthy. "And I was going to lunch with D Battery tomorrow!"

"I think some one ought to make a speech on this auspicious occasion," said Hudson. "Something is going to happen. I think we ought to celebrate."

"By going to bed early," put in Carr.—"Prior?"

Prior, his batman, appeared from the kitchen.

"Call me early!"—

"Mother, dear, for I'm to be queen of the May," suggested Hudson.

— "About seven, I think. Breakfast at half-past, and have everything ready to move off by a quarter-past eight."

"And before you go, gentlemen," said Penne, "I'll trouble you for a little item of thirty francs apiece for messing expenses."

"If that's your sole contribution to the evening's gaiety," said Williams, "it's about time this little haven of rest was broken up."

Major Wilson's headquarters were in a large, airy cellar in the reserve billets. The six subalterns sat round on boxes and chairs, while the three company sergeant-majors stood near the door.

"Briefly," said the major, "there is to be a raid tomorrow night. Penne and Carr are to take one party, and Hudson and Williams another. Carson and Holmes are to have a reserve party to cover the others and lend a hand in case of accidents. The spots you are to raid are marked on that map over there, and here are aeroplane photographs of the section of trench, so that you'll know what to expect. Your parties will be thirty strong, and each of you will have two runners. The idea is to do as much damage as

possible, and, if possible, bring back prisoners."

"What about the wire?" said Hudson.

"Each of the two parties will be preceded by a party of six men and two R.E.'s, who will place a Bangalore torpedo under the German wire. Penne, you will see to your torpedo, and Hudson will look after his own. You'll get them from the R.E. dump tomorrow not later than 5 P.M. You will superintend the fixing of them in the wire also."

"Tomorrow night is going to be a pleasant little outing, I can see," whispered Penne to Carr. "Ever seen a Bangalore?"

"No."

"Charming things, I assure you. Buy them by the yard from the R.E. We'll want about thirty feet of it."

"As regards the disposition of your parties, I leave you to make your own—subject, of course, to criticism from me. You can also decide what equipment you will carry. There is one more thing. Each party will carry a mobile charge, also supplied by the R.E., with which to blow up emplacements or dug-outs."

"What time does the balloon—I mean the Bangalore—go up, sir?" asked Carr.

"Eleven o'clock. You must be in position and ready to rush the gap by ten minutes to eleven at the latest. Any questions?"

"Where are reports to be sent?"

"Where will you be, sir?"

"How long is it to last?"

"Who's going to fire the torpedo?"

"Suppose there's nobody there when we get there?"

"Are we to have a password?"

"Is there to be any artillery preparation?"

They fired questions one after the other for the best part of an hour. Sketches were made from the maps,

and positions noted. The C.S.M.'s noted details in their pocket-books for the edification of their men. Finally everybody was satisfied.

"Tonight, of course, you six will spend up here. There'll be all kinds of details to settle, and you'd better be on the spot. We might all have dinner together here. I think the larder will about run to it."

"Sergeant-major," said Penne, "we'll fix up which men we're having now. Come on to the other room."

Penne, Carr, and the A Company sergeant-major went into the adjoining cellar, and squatted on the remains of a bed.

"Best fix up the orderlies first. I want Scott and Harris for mine."

"And I want Prior and Ward."

"Warn those four to meet us here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

Then they went through their platoons, discussing the merits of '82 Smith and '74 Jones, and their suitability for the work in hand.

"What about equipment, sir?" said the C.S.M. when the lists were completed.

"Rifle and bayonet, skeleton order, and bombs, eh?"

"How many bombs each, sir?"

"Every man to carry six, and one man in six to have a bomb-bucket with twenty-four bombs. That ought to be enough."

The thirty men were divided into three groups of six and an N.C.O., and one group of eight and an N.C.O., and the exact work of each was carefully detailed. The C.S.M. departed, and Carr and Penne discussed their own part in the operations. Carr was to enter the trench, while Penne looked after matters on top, disposed of prisoners, and, in case of accidents, took command.

In the other cellar, Hudson and Williams were likewise busy arranging matters. Carson and Holmes were

cursing their uninteresting reserve position, and deciding on the best tactical position. Major Wilson was writing out a report in triplicate for the orderly-room, the three C.S.M.'s were making arrangements for the supply of bombs, and away at the back three sappers of the R.E. were working overtime on long lengths of Bangalore torpedo.

"Well, Scott," said Penne the following day, "there's going to be a stunt. We're going to wake Fritz up a little—a raid tonight. I want you to be my orderly along with Harris. All right?"

"Yessir," said Scott.

"Your job is to look after me; see that I don't get into trouble. You may have to take messages, but in the main you will be with me. Job suit you?"

"Yessir," said Scott.

Harris was delighted. Prior and Ward said very much the same as Scott. In fact, they didn't understand why they were asked about it at all. Ward asked anxiously if he would see any of the fun.

"Fun!" said Carr. "You'll be right in the middle of it. There'll be enough to satisfy anybody."

The other men were also warned, and for the rest of the day they sang loudly in their billets or cheered derisively when an occasional shell plumped down among the houses.

"Goin' to be a proper rough 'ouse this evenin'," said one.

"Yes, we'll give 'em little 'amlet. I'm goin' to nab a 'elmet, I am."

"What cher want a 'elmet for?"

"Old girl in the billet in the village arsked me for one, an' I promised 'er she should 'ave it."

Others took the unnecessary precaution of sharpening their bayonets on the window-sills. One and all were highly excited, and delighted at the

idea of getting to close quarters. The Bangalore torpedoes arrived, and were stored in the company office. The mobile charge also came up, and Harris was deputed to carry it. As it weighed some seven pounds, he was not pleased.

Penne moved off at 9.15 with the six men and the two sappers. The torpedo was carried in three sections, each ten feet long. Penne carried the detonator, and the two sappers had the coil of wire and the firing-lever. Everything was quiet in No Man's Land as they crept over the parapet. Odd shots from fixed rifles plumped into the ground here and there, but no one was hit on the way across. The three sections were fitted together, and the pointed end inserted under the wire. This was one of the most dangerous parts of the raid, for the torpedo nosing through the wire made a considerable noise, and took some twenty minutes to fix. An unlucky Verey light might betray the whole party, and the raid have to be abandoned. At last it was fixed, and Penne carefully put in the detonator; the electric wires were attached, and the party made for home. A haphazard bullet from one of the rifles broke one of the fingers of Scott's left hand as they returned, but he continued with the raid as though nothing had happened. Hudson had fixed his torpedo farther down on the right; it was twenty minutes to eleven when they met the raiding-parties coming to join them.

Penne led the way, crawling on his belly, and by ten minutes to the hour everyone was in position some thirty yards from the torpedoes to allow for the effect of the explosion. Thirty yards is about the minimum of safety to allow. If you are any nearer, there is danger of shell-shock as well as from flying bits of wire. It is essential to get as close as possible in order to take

full advantage of the surprise effect. The judging of that minimum safety distance gave Penne more trouble than anything else. It had to be done in an instant, practically in the dark, and without any means of verification. This was "judging distance," and no mistake!

Everyone lay flat, awaiting the firing of the torpedo. There was a long silence, the nightwind creeping coldly through the grasses. Nothing happened. Carr, in rear, began to grow uneasy at the long wait, and crept back to find out the cause of the delay. Penne lay flat, clutching his revolver, wondering vaguely what he was doing out there at all. Before the war he had been an assistant-manager in a suburban bank, knowing nothing of explosives. Now he was lying out there, in that perilous strip of country, waiting for that long tube of ammonal to explode; he had with him some thirty men carrying bombs; and Harris, at his side, carried the mobile charge which was to blow something or other sky-high. He remembered an officer he had once known who had told him that explosives sometimes go off by a sort of sympathetic action. Suppose his mobile charge went off in sympathy with the torpedo? He wondered why it was so long. The sound of a dog barking a great distance away came down the wind. Some of the men fidgeted behind him. One of them spat. Then Carr came running back to his place, casting caution to the winds. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Look out, Penne. It's going up!"

With a terrifying roar the Boche wire leaped into the air. Penne rose to his feet and ran swiftly forward into a moving cloud of smoke, through which fragments of wire, wood, and iron flew. The men raced behind him. Down on the right another explosion shook the ground, while from all sides

Verey lights swished and curved. But Penne was already in the trench, and two of his parties of six with him.

When Hudson's torpedo burst, Hudson and his men also ran forward; but something had gone wrong, for Hudson stumbled and fell. There was trip-wire here, all unsuspected and uncut. The first seven went down in the gap like nine-pins, while bombs rained over on to them from the trench. One dropped full on Hudson's orderly, killing him almost instantly; pieces of it also tore strips from Hudson's leg, and one pierced his knee, so that he could not walk.

"Find Mr. Williams quickly," he said to his remaining orderly. "Tell him I'm wounded, and he is to take over."

But Williams, knowing something had gone amiss, had worked up towards the front, and found out for himself the trouble. It was almost as light as day with Verey lights, and bombs were still raining over.

"Give 'em hell, boys, and don't show yourselves," he shouted; and the men, hearing his voice, lay close in to the edge of the wire and pitched bombs into the trench in front of them. Williams crawled up into the gap to look for Hudson. There was no sign of him. Bombs were still dropping there. There were several wounded men crawling painfully back home. One of them stopped crawling, and did not move. He went across, and found a dead body. The bombs were lessening now, but as he looked along there was a line of fire splashing through the wire. The Boches were abandoning their front line, and firing on them from the support line. On his left there was a continual bursting of bombs. The other party had evidently succeeded.

He investigated the gap again, only to find that the front section of the torpedo had worked loose and failed

to explode, so that some seven feet of wire remained to be cut. He cursed his luck, and set about the difficult task of getting his men home, taking with them the bodies of the two men who had been killed. Hudson had managed to crawl in unaided.

In the meantime, Penne, on leaping into the trench, found himself opposite the entrance to a dug-out. He heard footsteps on the stairs, and fired a Verey pistol down the entrance. He followed this up with two shots with his revolver. His men had followed him by this time. One party immediately worked to the left, and the second party to the right, bombing round the traverses as they went. Scott and Harris heaved three or four bombs down the dug-out stairs, until the arrival of the third party, who were instructed to hold the top of the dug-out and prevent anyone from coming out. Penne then followed swiftly on the heels of the first party. He passed the bodies of three Germans, and finding them dead, swiftly detached their numerals and identification discs. Then he came upon his own party halting at the junction of a communication-trench with the front line. Here they had raised a temporary barricade. As Penne reached the spot a German officer appeared, running up the communication-trench toward them.

"Surrender!" shouted Penne.

The only answer was a revolver-shot, which clipped a piece from the side of the trench. The two German orderlies bolted.

"Surrender!" shouted Penne once more.

The German officer attempted to fire again, but his pistol jammed. He made a swift movement as though to pick up a bomb; but Penne's revolver spat twice, and he fell dead.

"Get him and bring him along," he said, and pushed back rapidly to the



other party. Outside the dug-out he found four men left.

"Three prisoners, sir," they told him. "We've sent them off."

He pushed on, recalled the right-hand party, and, returning, heard Carr's party on the top firing furiously over them at a party of Germans who were trying to cross the ground between the support-trench and front line to bomb the raiders from above.

"Hold up. We're coming out."

Carr's men continued firing on either side, leaving a space through which the men clambered out, two of them carrying the dead officer, others with caps and souvenirs of various kinds. The last man out, Penne took the mobile charge from Harris, and pulling out the pin that ignited the fuse, thrust the charge down the dug-out steps.

"Now get out quickly."

They were through the wire, when another violent explosion told them that the dug-out was no more.

On the way back they passed the reserve-party, who were only too glad to see them come in, for any minute No Man's Land might be covered by shrapnel. As it was, there was quite a lot of machine-gun fire.

"Is the right-hand party in?" asked Penne of Carson.

Chambers's Journal.

"Yes. They reported about five minutes ago."

"All right. Follow us in. We're the last."

The souvenirs and the prisoners were sent down to headquarters, and the wounded (there were four, all slight, in Penne's party) to the aid post; the roll was called, and the men dismissed.

"A reg'lar little outin' we've had, an' no mistake," said one.

"Yes; an' I only wrote 'ome this mornin', and told my missus that we was 'avin' a very quiet time. If she only knew the larks we was gettin' up to, eh?"

Three hours later Penne and Carr lay sound asleep on the sand-bags in the company office cellar. Major Wilson was writing a report. "One officer (dead), three unwounded prisoners, and a number of identifications were obtained. Many casualties were inflicted on the enemy."

Carr stirred uneasily in his sleep. Suddenly he stiffened. "Look out, Penne. It's going up," he shouted. He half awoke, then muttering, fell asleep again. Major Wilson looked at him for a minute, and then wrote on: "I beg to bring to your notice the determination and coolness which marked the conduct of Second-Lieutenant Penne and of Second-Lieutenant P. Fletcher Carr."

O. C. Platoon.

## FOOD AND THE FRENCHWOMAN.

Those well-meaning English folk—they are more often English than Irish or Scotch—who in print, and even more often in private conversation, laud the Frenchwoman's thrift, and implore her English sisters to copy her, would be very much shocked if they knew whither their advice was tending. (That, however, does not mean that it is not good advice.) When

I hear such remarks I wonder if those who make them realize that even in war time the Frenchwoman, whatever her class, and especially she who belongs to *la classe moyenne*, which means so very much more than our expression "middle class," puts food first and the rest nowhere. This fact becomes strikingly apparent when a French bride is making out her actual

household budget. The young Englishwoman in such a case puts down rent, taxes—especially in these days—clothes, wages, sundries, before she sets her mind to considering how much she will put down for the household books. When she does so, we may be sure that, with scarce an exception, her object, even in peace time, is to obtain a rather specialized economy in this department. How different from the young Frenchwoman! In a French household budget everything to do with the table comes pre-eminently first, and those housekeepers—of course there are many such to be found—who try to economize in what French people would consider an exaggerated way over the food of themselves, their husbands, their children, and, one may add, their servants, are regarded with a mixture of pity and dislike. But the question may be asked, what is economy? It must be admitted that there is no word which has as many meanings in any language as that special word, and many may challenge my assertion that the words thrift and economy bear no relation to one another, though they are supposed to do so. Economy may surely be described as the art of going without; thrift, that of doing the best with what one possesses. Probably owing to the simple fact that for so many years past all foodstuffs *without exception* have been so exceedingly expensive in France, there is practically no waste at all in any French kitchen, and that whether the kitchen be in *chaumière* or *château*.

The French cook turns everything, from a cold potato to a meatless bone, to account, and transforms it into appetizing food. But in doing so, unless she is absolutely compelled from lack of means to deprive herself of what she regards as indispensable necessities, she uses butter, oil, or dripping with a prodigality which would horrify even the most careless and waste-

ful of English cooks. When the question of preparing a meal is under consideration, water—plain, cold water—is regarded by the Frenchwoman much in the same light as it was by that fine old English gentleman who said that he had not tasted water for forty years, and did not yet feel minded to try! Butter in the north of France, oil in the south of France, is the staple of every dish, including the *soupes maigres* which are erroneously regarded in this country as being so peculiarly economical.

In proof of this assertion we have only to take the ordinary French recipe for potato soup:—

Cut a number of potatoes in thick slices, put them in a saucepan with as much butter as required. When the potatoes are nearly cooked add shallots, spinach, endive, and any other green-stuff you may have handy. When the potatoes are quite cooked mash them up, add a little water, salt, and pepper. If possible, before filling your soup tureen, put two good pieces of fried bread at the bottom covered with cream.

It may be pointed out that such a soup as the above makes a thoroughly satisfying meal without the addition of fish, meat, or sweet, and in a French farmhouse, especially at such a time as the present, it would probably be the only dish served in the evening. It is true that there are undoubtedly many French soups which, without being what we call clear, are yet entirely lacking any trace of fat or butter. But every such soup has as its foundation the *pot-au-feu*. This strong meat essence—for that is what it really is—can be bought by the pint or by the quart in every French village either from the butcher, or from what we should call the public-house, at a price which makes it slightly cheaper than if it were prepared at home. *Pot-au-feu*, or *bouillon* as it is generally called, is an alternative to butter, and takes

the place in every dish which water would take in this country.

Between the year when Louis Philippe came to the throne, roughly speaking 1830, and the year 1880, that is fifty years, food in Paris and in its vicinity increased four-fold in price. A chicken, for instance, which cost tenpence in the thirties, cost 3s. 4d. in the eighties, and one may safely say that the thirty years that followed 1880 saw yet another considerable rise in prices. From what I can find out, owing largely to the rigorous, not to say violent, measures taken, not so much by the French Government as by the French municipal bodies, since the outbreak of war prices of essential foods—bread and meat, for instance, have not increased in the same proportion in France as in England, but it must be admitted that certain foods hitherto regarded as absolute necessities—among them butter—have become at certain times and in certain places so scarce as to be practically unprocurable.

To return, however, to the larger question of food and the Frenchwoman, for war, whatever it may seem to us just now, is not a constant condition, the very high prices of food-stuffs have long compelled French people of *all classes* to eat all kinds of things which, up to now at any rate, are scarcely ever tasted in England. These, however, have never partaken of the type of eccentric substitutes for vegetables of which we have heard so much lately, and which in one case proved the undoing of those who partook of it. Rather have these foods taken the form of every kind of fresh water fish, and of every bird that flies. There are no less than twenty-two ways of cooking carp, and nineteen recipes for perch. Even the humble sardine, when fresh, can be cooked twenty-one ways, and prepared, when tinned, in six other ways. Every bird,

from the sparrow to the rook, is regarded as fair game, and there are almost as many ways of cooking pigeons as there are of cooking chickens.

Among comparatively cheap foods a high place in France is given to the rabbit, which in the cookery books is described by the elegant name of *lapereau*. There are eighteen French ways of cooking rabbit, but no one advises it to be baked *en croule* or in pie form.

I now conclude with a point with which I ought, perhaps, to have begun, namely, that with regard to the preparation of food every Frenchwoman regards time as being the essence of the contract. The ordinary *bonne-a-tout-faire*—and we should remember that there are more general servants in France than there are in any other country in the world—begins cooking “her” *déjeuner*, as she always calls it, about six in the morning. The preparation of even a very simple French meal is a lengthy and elaborate business, and among those folk who can only afford to keep one servant all the rest of the household work is sacrificed to it. Everything is simplified in the bedrooms and in the sitting-rooms in order that everything may be elaborate in the kitchen. But it should be noted, in this connection, that the average Frenchman and Frenchwoman only has two meals a day—one at mid-day, one in the evening. Even in the simplest English household where a servant is kept, there is always a substantial breakfast served, and that means a certain amount of actual cooking, as well as the subsequent washing up and putting away of the various utensils used in the preparation of the breakfast dish, or dishes. In France a large bowl of *café au lait* and a piece of bread forms the only early morning meal of millions of men, women and children.

Yet one word more. Those who

perchance feel revolted at the French-woman's preoccupation and interest in food may be reminded that the French system has, in this great war, made good to an extraordinary extent. The New Witness.

English people, especially in war time, are apt to forget that the human body is an engine, and that it will only work to full capacity if kept properly cleaned and stoked.

Marie Belloc-Lowndes.

## POPULAR ENGLISH LITERATURE TODAY.

A popular novelist has been lightly engaged with one of our reviewers in a controversy as to his new book and his religious convictions, and we may use this as a peg on which to hang a remark or two about the topical favorites generally in fiction, poetry, the drama. One naturally associates Mr. Wells, with Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, and two or three other much-talked-of and ingeniously advertised authors today. In another observed group one should, perhaps, class Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mr. Garvice, and Mrs. Barclay. They have one and all large publics, they are acknowledged the best sellers in the print market. We do not think it is a good thing for English people in any numbers to be seriously influenced by, or engrossed in, the work of all or any of these writers, for they are none of them first class—which is putting it with strict moderation—and they do not at all answer to the immense power and genius of the British race in the world today. England has never been so great as she is now, though we dare to hope and believe that her zenith is not even yet—that she will not be at that till she has broken Germany and guided the settlement of Europe. She was not so great in the Elizabethan age or when Cromwell made her respected in Europe or in the age when she fought and overthrew Napoleon; whilst before this war she cut a poor figure in many ways. If England had continued for some years longer in her pre-

war mess she would have been eaten up by the German lice. She had a narrow escape as it was. The secret history of the three or four dreadful days before the declaration of war on August 4, 1914, has yet to be told. We believe the pro-German or pro-disgrace element, or whatever is the right description for the huckstering, funk-ing commercialism which tried to prevent us going to war, largely for the sake of its wretched stocks and shares, was far nearer success than is supposed. However, the country escaped, war was declared, and, as result, we have today—the army in France! This at once brings us to a complete justification of the statement, "England has never been so great as she is now"; for the army in France and the feats of that army in the battle of the Somme, in the battles of Vimy Ridge and Arras, and in the assaults today on the Hindenburg Line—these have no parallel in the thousand years of English history. The army in France is what we described it lately in the *Review*, the consummate, virile achievement of the British race. Nothing like it has hitherto been seen, known, dreamed of in the chronicle of England. Militarism, it is true, has always been one of the sustaining glories of England, and without it we should have become the annexe of some European Power long ago. Militarism made the British Empire.

It may be "taetics" at the moment to hush this up and to pretend we are

a dingy commonwealth or a "crowned republic" wedded to pacifism; historically, however, that is false. England carved her way to Empire by the sword. It is creeping hypocrisy to pretend otherwise; and hypocrisy is, if not the deadliest, at least the most disgusting of human sins—we had as soon see England drunk as see her hypocritical. So we repeat, militarism made the British Empire; and it is the militarism of Sir Douglas Haig's matchless army in France today which is keeping that Empire.

Yet though so great in the past militarily, the Empire has never been quite as lustrous as it is today, and a nation capable of such a feat as the Somme alone is worthy of an infinitely greater current literature than is supplied by the writers in question. The disparity between England's output in the sphere of action and her output in the sphere of imagination is humiliating today. In the former we see not only an extraordinary mass achievement, we see leadership, too, individual excellence. We have at the head of the army in the field a soldier whose serene skill and exact professional knowledge of war in every branch have been proved; and it is perfectly well known to those who choose to make inquiries in the right quarters, if they distrust their own judgment, that he is supported by the best brains in the nation—the organization at the base in France, for instance, being a wonderful thing. Again, at home there is individual distinction of a high order. We have often differed from the Prime Minister. He arouses animosities, throws out challenges which are sure to be taken up. But his vitality is immense. He never spares himself; and he has, besides, glow and imagination. It is incontestable that though he did not make the munitions without which the Battle of the Somme could not have been fought and Ver-

dun could not have been saved, he imagined them and set the factories going. Wherever we look, indeed, in the sphere of action and arms we find light and leading. The nation is well enough off in the world of action, discovering brains and vitality in all directions, and in at least a few quarters distinction of a high order. It is when we turn to the popular figures in literary effort that the result is so disappointing—no novelist, no poet, no dramatist of the first rank, or near it, among the familiar and widely accepted performers. We have plenty of smartness, adaptability, popularity, plenty of stuff which catches on, is just what is asked for by those who do not want to go deep, and who will not be at the nuisance of thinking for themselves.

Commonplace cleverly tricked out, the ordinary made to appear extraordinary, and served up hot and hot just when the appetite is ready for it, that is the thing which is catered for by the successful performers. It was so for several years before the war, when England was cutting a miserly figure in the sphere of action; it is the same now, when England is cutting a mighty figure in that sphere.

"Seeing that excellence is absent from English popular literature today, that there are no first-class performers, had we not better take our fill without grumbling or carping of the second or third raters?" it may be asked. "You grant that they are quick in their trade, that they are often clever, and you must admit that they pour it out in profusion." We do grant the second part of the proposition freely; we demur to the first. As to the second part, the popular performers are quick, clever or talented, profuse. We can laugh over some of their capers, or could before the war, at any rate; we can persevere even to the end of one or two of their books now and again—



at least, we could before the war. But this is not to say it is a satisfactory thing that the public should in any considerable degree follow their intellectual leading. The truth is they are not good enough for a nation like the British today, which is doing mightily in the war and which will be leading the settlement of Europe at the close of the struggle. They have mostly started on nothing and fought their own way up in the world from grinding poverty to security, we shall be told. That certainly is all to their credit. The man who makes and keeps himself in literature as in any other walk in life is usually worth two or three of those who have been made and are kept. It is the active mood against the passive: and the active is a thousand times more useful to the state, of course. But because the popular and observed writers in English today have worked their way up, and are therefore to be commended, it does not follow they possess any genius. And the fact is they possess none, though plenty of lively talent. Compare them with the popular men of imagination today in Russia, in France, in Scandinavia. As to the first of these countries, the giant school is by no means worn out, and Tolstoy and Dostoievsky are yet living in the hearts of a great public. Or take France: she has Anatole France, whose irony, wit, style, would adorn the literature of any age. She has Romain Rolland, who may have fallen off from patriotism, but who has not fallen away from an art which, whether agreeable or not, is certainly impressive. And we think we could name a popular poet in Italy who *is* a poet. It will be inferred from these few names that we are not dissatisfied by our own topical performers because they are democrats or radicals or something of that kind. Our objections are not on that score. George Meredith was

something of that kind, Thomas Hardy has never appealed to us as something of the opposite kind. But Hardy and Meredith are creators in literature of whom we can never have too much. We pay homage to those great men. We can read their wizard books over and over again, just as we can the older masters: incomparable Scott, Thackeray, Dickens! Had they been advanced Nihilists, were they today active spirits in the school of pacifism, it would not make us discontented with their work in fiction and poetry, for both must be ranked as poets, Hardy, as one can see clearly in the light of his last two volumes, in some ways a magical one. Politics, neither the greater politics of nation nor the lesser of party, have not anything to say in such a judgment. Were Shelley to come again and give us a lyric or two and a new "Hellas"—which in particular the world could do with today!—how gladly would we swallow from him a double dose of William Godwin plus vegetarianism. We would overlook the penchant for international Socialism, for Shelley would be setting out for Stockholm, probably with Lenin for a companion. Great art can do these things, and its votaries forgive it. Our objection to the starred popularists today is not based on monarchical or on political or on ecclesiastical grounds. We simply object that they are not imaginatively and intellectually good enough to go forth to the world which is watching the British people today as our representative novelists, poets, dramatists.

The nations will please observe there is an interregnum today in the sphere of popular literature in this country: that Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, Dickens, Carlyle and Meredith have been followed by a disconcerting void. The interregnum has nothing to do with the war; it was distressingly obvious in the years

before the war began. We believe it will pass presently and there will be a glorious restoration of the sovereignty of wit and wisdom in English literature. Meanwhile, to those who hunger intellectually and who desire work of imagination, we think we can recommend a thing or two. If, for instance, it is the meaning and mystery of kinship that draws them, and they want wonderful fresh news and suggestion on that theme, they might go to "Richard II" and both parts of "Henry IV." They will find it all up to date therein, all living characters, and all wit. Do they wish for something out of the common about divinity? Let them inquire at the bookseller or the library for a little work

The Saturday Review.

entitled "Religio Medici," by a physician of Norwich named Thomas Browne, in which we can promise them certain fresher and more sparkling wells than they enjoy in any catchy literature today. Stories, too, we think we can suggest to them that will repay another reading—that will repay even the fifth or tenth reading. Is Scott too "dull," and is Hardy too crushing? Then we propose to send them to "Beauchamps' Career" and to "The Egoist." There at least is something which they can read and revel in without the least danger of overstrain; and in order that their holiday may be complete we will prescribe for them "The Egoist" without its Prelude.

## TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Although the central idea which runs through the proposals of the official Reconstruction Committee (through its sub-committee) is not new, yet that idea has been seized upon and developed in so sympathetic a spirit that the scheme for permanent Industrial Councils offers a real hope for the future industrial prosperity of this country. We have had joint committees of employers and trade unionists for years past, especially in the highly organized trades, such as engineering and shipbuilding, charged with the supervision of wages and conditions of labor. They have, upon the whole, worked well, but have suffered from the extremely narrow base upon which they have been erected. They have grown top-heavy; they have more than once toppled over when the working mass of labor has repudiated the agreements arrived at by their apparent representatives. What is now most needed is to get away from that excessive centralization which has more and more separated

the executives from the shops, and led to the shop committees acting independently of, and sometimes in opposition to, the central executives. As Mr. George Barnes, himself an old trade unionist secretary, and now a member of the War Cabinet, wrote on June 20th in a Scottish newspaper: "There have been two conflicting tendencies in industrial life during the last 30 years. There has been one in the direction of centralization and another in the spread of education. The first has given power to the few and taken it out of the hands of the many. The second has instilled in the minds of the many the feeling that their place in the scheme of things should not be less but more than it has been in the past." Industry in this country needs to be decentralized; in the language of the moment, it needs to be democratized. The proposals of the sub-committee upon Industrial Reconstruction aim at democratizing industry.

The first principle laid down is that

we should seek after "improved conditions of employment and a higher standard of comfort generally," and enlist the active co-operation of workmen in the promotion of their industries. The machinery suggested provides the means through which this co-operation may be secured by vesting working-class representatives equally with employers, in the control and management of industry. For that is what the system of Central, and District, and Shop Councils of employers and workmen amounts to. First, there would be the Central or National Councils, then the District Councils, each representative of the trade unions and employers' associations in a district; and, thirdly, and not least important—as completing the process of decentralization—the Works Committees, representative of the management and of the workers employed by individual works. Beginning in the shops—wherein grievances must always originate—passing to the districts, and so on, up to the Central body, the workmen and employers would always be closely in touch more as co-partners in a common effort than as "masters" and as "hands." For that is the bad old idea from which we must cut ourselves loose if the lessons of the war are to be learned and the future prosperity of this country assured. We must get away from the few god-like masters and the mass of struggling, exasperated hands. We have, to a very large extent, democratized the Army in sentiment. Our New Army, unlike that of Germany, does not consist of a sublime, unapproachable officer class issuing orders to humble *kanonenfütter*; officers and men work together side by side for a common purpose. It must be the same in industry; the officers—there must always be officers—and the men must work side by side for a common pur-

pose, the future prosperity of the country, and, incidentally, for the prosperity and content of themselves.

What we like best about this report of the sub-committee is the wide, generous view taken of the possibilities of future co-operation. There is no niggling. The idea of a complete joint interest as between employers and workmen once accepted is fully developed. It is proposed that the National Councils shall deal with or delegate to the District Councils or Works Committees such fundamental questions as the better utilization of the practical knowledge and experience of work-people, the full consideration and utilization of the inventions of workmen, the methods of fixing and adjusting earnings and piecework prices, the security of earnings and employment, technical training and industrial research. Last, and most important of all, is the suggestion that the councils should examine and review proposed legislation affecting an industry. If all the eleven suggestions, embodied in Section 16 of the sub-committee's report, are adopted and acted upon in the spirit and in the letter of the report, they will go very far indeed towards establishing not only industrial peace, but the hearty co-operation of workmen in the industry of the future. The workmen will have secured their place in the sun.

We trust that the consideration of this report will be at once taken up actively by associations of workmen and of employers, and that the Councils will be set up without delay. The end of the war must not catch us unready. For, as soon as peace is within sight, we shall have upon us the determination of the most difficult and most thorny of all our industrial problems. The workmen have been given a legal binding pledge that the trade union restrictions upon output,

which existed before the Munitions Acts were passed, shall be restored in their entirety. And yet everyone knows, not least the workmen themselves, that the higher standard of comfort to which the workmen legitimately aspire cannot be reached unless the production of goods per man or woman employed, and per pound of capital invested, be very considerably increased. And this increase of production cannot be hoped for if the old doctrine of limited output be allowed to continue in force. One may hope that when the workmen are assured by experience in practice of these councils that they have become partners in industry and are "hands" no longer, there will not then be any desire for a limitation of output. The idea was begotten in a spirit of chronic hostility. The sub-committee leaves this question of the old restrictions to the judgment of the future: "It is intended that all pledges relating to restoring trade union rules should be redeemed without qualification, unless the particular trade union concerned

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agrees to alteration. It is not intended that the council shall have power to decide such questions by a majority vote of the workmen's representatives from all the trade unions in the industry." This is a most wise pronouncement. Workmen are like the rest of us—very human, and perhaps a little suspicious where Governments and employers are concerned. Any blundering procedure, the most honest in intention, which they interpreted as designed to dish them out of the Munitions Act pledges would be fatal. The restrictions upon output cannot be relaxed without the full concurrence of the men concerned. The Government and employers can, we believe, win that concurrence by taking them in as partners in industry, and by the avoidance of all verbal quibbling about the text of the pledges. These pledges must be kept until those workmen who are affected by them abandon them freely of their own accord. If one trusts frankly to the good sense of the British workman one is not often let down.

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### THE INFANTICIDE.

From an economic point of view it was inexcusable. I can only hope that the affair will never reach the ear of the new Food Controller. The chief culprit was undoubtedly Joan minor—I only became an accomplice after the fact—and I can scarcely believe that even a Food Controller could be very angry with Joan minor. For one thing she really is so very minor. And then there's her manner; in face of it severity, as I have found, is out of the question. Even Joan major, who has been known to rout our charlady in single combat, finds it irresistible. Indeed when I taxed her with having a hand in the crime she secured an acquittal on the plea of duress.

Ever since Joan minor arrived at years of understanding the weeks preceding the great day have been fraught with a mystery in which I have no share. Earnest conversations which break off guiltily the moment I enter the room; strained whisperings and now and again little uncontrollable giggles of ecstatic anticipation from Joan minor—these are the signs that I have learned to look for, and, being well versed in my part, to ignore with a sublime unconsciousness which should make my fortune in a melodrama of stage asides. And then, on the morning of my birthday, the solemn ceremonial of revelation, I would come in to breakfast, to find a parcel lying by my

plate. At first I would not see it. In a tense and unnatural silence Joan minor would follow me with her eyes while I opened the window a few inches, closed it again, stroked the cat and generally behaved as though sitting down at table was the last thing I intended. Then, when I did take my place, "The post is early today," I would say, pushing the parcel carelessly on one side as I took up the paper, while Joan minor hid her face in Joan major's blouse lest her feelings should betray her into premature speech. And at last I would open it, and my amazement and delight would know no bounds. There was very little acting needed for that. It is no small thing to be spirited back to the age when birthdays really matter.

And so this year it was with a feeling of having been cheated that I left the house for the office, where, in company Punch.

with other old fogies and girl clerks, I do my unambitious bit towards downing the Hun. The premonitory symptoms had seemed to me unusually acute, but the morning had brought no parcel. My years weighed on my shoulders again, and I am afraid I was more than a little tart with my typist.

I was kept late for dinner, and when I entered the room I found Joan minor sitting in her place, her eyes bright with expectation. Beside my place was a covered muffin dish. There was no dallying with the pleasure this time, for I had suddenly become young again, and could not have waited had I tried. I lifted the cover, and there, about the size of a well-nourished pea, lay the first-fruit of Joan minor's peculiar and personal allotment, prepared, planted and dug by Joan minor's own hands, a veritable and unmistakable potato.

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### THE EVOLUTION OF EMMA.

Among the many good critical tributes to the genius of Jane Austen, to the fine distinction of her humor, the sympathetic intimacy of her satire, the easy exactitude of her unpretentious style, which have appeared in celebration of her centenary, there is one criticism that is naturally recurrent; the remark that she was quite untouched by the towering politics of her time. This is intrinsically true; nevertheless it may easily be used to imply the reverse of the truth. It is true that Jane Austen did not attempt to teach any history or politics; but it is not true that we cannot learn any history or politics from Jane Austen. Any work so piercingly intelligent of its own kind, and especially any work of so wise and humane a kind, is sure to tell us much more than shallower studies covering a larger surface. I

will not say much of the mere formality of some of the conventions and conversational forms; for in such things it is not only not certain that change is important, but it is not even certain that it is final. The view that a thing is old-fashioned is itself a fashion; and may soon be an old fashion. We have seen this in many recurrences of female dress; but it has a deeper basis in human nature. The truth is that a phrase can be falsified by use without being false in fact; it can seem stale without being really stilted. Those who see a word as merely worn out, fail to look forward as well as back. I know of two poems by two Irish poets of two different centuries, essentially on the same theme; the lover declaring that his love will outlast the mere popularity of the beauty. One is by Mr. Yeats and begins: "Though you are in



your shining days." The other is by Tom Moore and begins: "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." The latter language strikes us as ridiculously florid and over-ripe; but Moore was far from being ridiculous. Believe me (as he would say) it was no poetaster who wrote those hackneyed words about the silent harp and the heart that breaks for liberty. And if English were read some day by strangers as a classic language, I am not sure that "endearing" would not endure as a better word than "shining"; or even that (after some repetition and reaction) it might not seem as strained to say "shining" as to say "shiny." Yet Mr. Yeats also is a great poet. Similarly, when one of Jane Austen's heroines wants to say that the hero is a good fellow, she expresses confidence in what she calls "his worth." This goads her younger modern readers to madness; yet in truth the term is far more philosophic and eternal than the terms they would use themselves. They would probably say he was "nice," and Jane Austen would indeed be avenged. For the best of her heroes, Henry Tilney, himself foresaw and fulminated against the unmeaning ubiquity of that word, a prophet of the pure reason of his age, seeing in a vision of the future the fall of the human mind.

Negatively, of course, the historic lesson from Jane Austen is enormous. She is perhaps most typical of her time in being supremely irreligious. Her very virtues glitter with the cold sunlight of the great secular epoch between mediæval and modern mysticism. In that small masterpiece, "Northanger Abbey," her unconsciousness of history is itself a piece of history. For Catherine Morland was right, as young and romantic people often are. A real crime *had* been committed in Northanger Abbey. It is implied in the very name of North-

anger Abbey. It was the crucial crime of the sixteenth century, when all the institutions of the poor were savagely seized to be the private possessions of the rich. It is strange that the name remains; it is stranger still that it remains unrealized. We should think it odd to go to tea at a man's house and find it was still called a church. We should be surprised if a gentleman's shooting box at Claybury were referred to as Claybury Cathedral. But the irony of the eighteenth century is that Catherine was healthily interested in crimes and yet never found the real crime; and that she never really thought of it as an abbey, even when she thought of it most as an antiquity.

But there is a positive as well as a negative way in which her greatness, like Shakespeare's, illuminates history and politics, because it illuminates everything. She understood every intricacy of the upper middle class and the minor gentry, which were to make so much of the mental life of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is said that she ignored the poor and disregarded their opinions. She did, but not more than all our Governments and all our Acts of Parliaments have done. And at least she did consistently ignore them; she ignored where she was ignorant. Well it would have been for the world if others had ignored the working-class until they understood it as well as she did the middle class. She was not a student of sociology; she did not study the poor. But she did study the students—or at least the social types which were to become the students of the poor. She knew her own class, and knew it without illusions; and there is much light on later problems to be found in her delicate delineation of vanities and snobberies and patronage. She had to do with the human heart; and it is that which cometh out of the heart that defileth a nation, philan-

thropy, efficiency, organization, social reform. And if the weaker brethren still wonder why we should find in Baby Week or Welfare Work a dangerous spirit, from which its best adherents find it hard to free themselves, if they doubt how such a danger can be reconciled with the personal delicacy and idealism of many of the women who work such things, if they think that fine words or even fine feelings will guarantee a respect for the personality of the poor, I really do not know that they could do better than sit down, I trust not for the first time, to the reading of "Emma."

For all this that has happened since might well be called the Evolution of Emma. That unique and formidable institution, the English Lady, has, indeed, become much more of a public institution; that is, she has made the same mistakes on a much larger scale. The softer fastidiousness and finer pride of the more gracious eighteenth century heroine may seem to make her a shadow by comparison. It seems cruel to say that the breaking off of Harriet's humbler engagement foreshadows the indiscriminate development of Divorce for the Poor. It seems horrible to say that Emma's small matchmaking has in it the seed of the pestilence of Eugenics. But it is true. With a gentleness and justice and sympathy with good intentions, which clear her from the charge of common cynicism, the great novelist does find the spring of her heroine's errors, and of many of ours. That spring is a philanthropy, and even a generosity, secretly founded on gentility. Emma Woodhouse was a wit, she was a good woman, she was an individual with a right to her own opinion; but it was because she was a lady that she acted as she did, and thought she had a right to act as she did. She is the type in fiction of a whole race of English ladies, in fact,

for whom refinement is religion. Her claim to oversee and order the social things about her consisted in being refined; she would not have admitted that being rich had anything to do with it; but as a fact it had everything to do with it. If she had been very much richer, if she had had one of the great modern fortunes, if she had had the wider modern opportunities (for the rich) she would have thought it her duty to act on the wider modern scale; she would have had public spirit and political grasp. She would have dealt with a thousand Robert Martins and a thousand Harriet Smiths, and made the same muddle about all of them. That is what we mean about things like Baby Week—and if there had been a baby in the story, Miss Woodhouse would certainly have seen all its educational needs with a brilliant clearness. And we do not mean that the work is done entirely by Mrs. Partridge; we mean that much of it is done by Miss Woodhouse. But it is done because she *is* Miss Woodhouse and not Martha Muggins or Jemima Jones; because the Lady Bountiful is a lady first, and will bestow every bounty but freedom.

It is noted that there are few traces of the French Revolution in Miss Austen's novels; but, indeed, there have been few traces of it in Miss Austen's country. The peculiarity which has produced the situation I describe is really this: that the new sentiment of humanitarianism has come, when the old sentiment of aristocracy has not gone. Social superiors have not really lost any old privileges; they have gained new privileges, including that of being superior in philosophy and philanthropy as well as in riches and refinement. No revolution has shaken their secret security or menaced them with the awful peril of becoming no more than men. Therefore the social reform is but their social refinement

grown restless. And in this old tea-cup comedy can be found, far more clearly appreciated than in more ambitious books about problems and politics, the psychology of this mere restlessness in the rich, when it first  
The New Witness.

stirred upon its cushions. Jane Austen described a narrow class, but so truthfully that she has much to teach about its after adventures, when it remained narrow as a class and broadened only as a sect.

G. K. Chesterton.

## THE DAUGHTER QUESTION.

The upbringing of daughters is a very vexed question just now. What are we to bring them up to? Matrimony, or professions, or emigration? Mrs. C. D. Whetham, who has just written a book on the subject, *The Upbringing of Daughters* (Longmans and Co., 5s net), has no doubts about the matter. That any career but motherhood should ever be considered satisfactory for a woman is, to her mind, unthinkable. She has several daughters, still children, we learn, and her ideas of training are reactionary. No early Victorian ever objected more to the masculinization of feminine education or was ready to devote less of her children's time to study. Two hours a day under twelve years old, and not more than four hours at any age, she thinks quite enough. This refers only to "lessons" generally so called. Serious reading for pleasure she would encourage. Languages may be learned with a view to reading, but a too great fluency in a foreign tongue or any conspicuous mastery of a foreign accent strikes her as unnecessary, and apparently almost unpatriotic. She is, she admits, inclined to resent the accomplishment. On the other hand, practical matters are to be thoroughly taught. Sewing, cooking, gardening, housekeeping and nursing, the care of younger children, and the wise expenditure of money should be familiar to every woman by the time she arrives at the marrying age. The family budget should be no secret,

but be openly discussed in all its details, and children should be encouraged to make suggestions for its alteration or reform. A mother who enforces this system in her family has, of course, plenty to do; but a woman ought, we are told, to labor incessantly in her family and not fritter away her time in outside pleasures. To shirk the work or to push it off on to schools and teachers is to be a failure, and Mrs. Whetham has no patience with failures. Old maids and invalids, especially if they owe their condition in any way to their own fault or want of strength of mind, arouse her ire. It is natural to laugh at old maids, she says, because it is natural to laugh at what is unnatural, and she even suggests that it might be best if in moments of danger, such as shipwreck, they should forego the usual privilege of women and be left to shift for themselves. A "spinster woman," professional or not, is repellent to her.

With whatever bitterness our author-ess puts her point of view, she yet faces a great problem and clings to a great truth. We are all agreed that women were made to be mothers, and that an increase in the army of unmarried women would be very disturbing; but given the Christian view of marriage, and rejecting the notion of polygamy, as the religious tone of her book assures us that she does, what is to be done? To do her justice, she admits the dilemma. An Englishman making an average professional in-

come, if he have many daughters, may be pretty sure that they will not all marry, especially after this war. He cannot look upon his own child as a negligible "spinster woman." If he brings her up on the lines suggested in Mrs. Whetham's book, she is not likely to be able to make her living; and unless he is prepared to leave her the greater part of his patrimony, to the detriment of his married children, how can he assure her happiness? He has also no certain knowledge when his daughters are little which of them will be left permanently in his home. Is it unreasonable that he should bring them up like boys, to be able to make their own way in life? Mrs. Whetham says that a professional woman is not as a rule a marrying woman, and if she does marry she has few or no children. It is impossible to deny, and impossible not to regret, the fact. In the class of whom Mrs. Whetham writes there are more women than men. Is she prepared to regard education solely as an equipment for the race which is to be run for matrimony? Emigration is not such a simple way out of the difficulty as some people think. It is easy for a cynical looker-on to wonder how it is that parents should be attached to all their children, and should be filled with anxiety at the thought that even one girl should go away alone to a new country to hunt for a husband; but so it is, and the situation may be still further complicated by her unwillingness to go. The problem is, so far as one can see at present, radically insoluble; but there are expedients which might ease the situation—for instance, the sweeping away of minor class distinctions. The immense and absurd expense of education is the thing which maintains the class barriers that surround the upper middle class. Its members must be willing to pull those barriers down,

or to sacrifice its daughters to the fetish of the Public School. Their men could marry earlier, and women could marry men who are now—to put it plainly—considered to be a little beneath them socially. Dearth of men is not so obvious in any class but the professional, and marriage is not so late in any other. Once outside it, we can see our way a little clearer. Whether it is a good thing for the country that the upper middle class should cease to exist is another question; but, to speak frankly, we think it is better than that it should produce armies of educated unmarried women, heartily as we disagree with Mrs. Whetham's cruel tone towards them. She pays them the compliment, no doubt, of believing that a very large number are single by their own choice. That this is true in a smaller measure than she seems to think is demonstrable because of the few bachelors over thirty-five whom one meets. On the other hand, there is truth in it. The number of women who resolve not to marry is negligible, but the number among the educated who will not marry without a *grande passion*, or what they take for one, is fairly large, was larger, we suppose, in this class in this country in the last century than it ever was in the world before. It was the Victorian ideal, and was very fine and very widespread. Can we afford in bringing up our daughters deliberately to break it down? A great many parents will still be found to say "No; it is worth almost any sacrifice." The present writer, for his own part, thinks otherwise; but if we destroy one ideal we must substitute another or lower the moral standard. The daughters of French lawyers and doctors and Civil Servants and soldiers and sailors do not marry for love. They are brought up to regard marriage as the right preliminary to motherhood, and their

ideal view—the one put before them in youth—is that husband and wife should draw closer and closer together in common devotion to their children, and that matrimony should become a perfect friendship sanctified by a still holier and more passionate tie—the bond of common parenthood. It may of course be said that this is a view of marriage which looks very well on paper, but which in practice is by no means always satisfactory. The same thing may be said of the more romantic English way of facing the question. The truth is that both systems work fairly well, and both ideals are equally high; but, considering the present necessity, the French one would seem to be the more practical, and it would serve, if we adopted it, to stem the new and curiously unnatural desire just now evinced by women to pile the cares of maternity upon other shoulders—sending their children earlier and earlier to school, and keeping no boys over eight and no girls over twelve in the house with their parents.

Money difficulties lie at the root of all changes in what we may call the family plan. The French system presupposes dowries, and the English professional man must overhaul his time-honored financial system before

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he can give money to his daughters before his death. We all agree that greater economy will be a necessity for years after the war, but we do not know how to accomplish it. Mrs. Whetham's hints on the subject of household budgets puzzle us. She thinks that the type of housewife who keeps three servants may bring her food bill without undue difficulty to eight shillings a head, and if she be prepared to spend twelve shillings may provide her family with a diet of considerable variety and some luxury. In these days this computation of expense is sheer nonsense. After the war it may be again possible, but we think the mother of the ordinary upper middle class family will find it a hard task indeed, even though she be assisted in her trouble by the suggestions of her elder children as well as her hungry husband. But Mrs. Whetham is right in considering that housekeeping must once more become a fine art and home-making a first duty if we are to cope with any of the problems before us just now. To sum up, we think Mrs. Whetham's book will be widely read, because it is eminently provocative of discussion. For ourselves, we should describe it as a superficially interesting and deeply irritating piece of journalism.

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### IN THE NAME OF CHARITY.

"Charity beginneth at home is the voice of the world," says old Sir Thomas Browne. It is the second part of this apophthegm that most nearly concerns the subject in hand. The war, which has waved its lightning wand over society of every sort, has certainly upset the equilibrium of voluntary entertainment. No profession can compete at any time with the theatre in generous devotion to the

cause of suffering, but actors and actresses are now being constantly uncomfortably harnessed and harassed by a crowd of ambitious amateurs, fashionable eccentrics or dilettantes, and the trained beauty-chorus—for so they must be styled—of those importunate ladies who court the limelight of illustrated papers and seek bacchanalian excitement (otherwise denied) under a tinsel mask of self-effacement.



Added to these are those—their name is legion—who pounce on such revels as a ready means of cultivating celebrities. In the name of charity Mrs. (or rather Lady) Leo Hunter has now the time of her life. Inflamed by enthusiasm she writes off post-haste to everyone whom she has never met and appeals for co-operation in "the good cause." The first thing, of course, is to form an "executive committee"—an eventual, indeed the unhappy parent of multitudes to come. She gets a congenial secretary to drudge for her gratis in a correspondence exasperatingly involved and illusory, a day is named, and a tea-table contemptuous of the Controller stands alluringly spread in her ample drawing-room. Her telephone is ringing all the morning, but if half the people whom she has never met turn up she will be more than satisfied. There is, of course, the dear Duke and Beryl, the Cubist poet, and that wonderful Lady Catshanger, whose imputed "pasts are as voluminous as Gibbon's *"Decline and Fall,"* and Marrable, the delightful jeune premier, of whom everyone raves, and quite the wit (in tow of Lady Catshanger), who takes everyone off so drolly except himself when there is food. There will be a cluster, too, of famous actresses and the inevitable Paulo-post-impressionist, who resents privacy at whatever cost to himself or others. A novelist who creates new and inverted worlds with a view to circulation will probably be induced to attend; a pianist, the comet of the concert-room—at any rate so far as his hair is concerned—and a few old conventional "first-nighters," who have no objection to being first-after-nooners. Blended with these—or more correctly overwhelming them—is the dazzling beauty-chorus above mentioned, who deem no sacrifice too great or small for advertisement, and one or two really earnest, quiet people who

feel rather "out of it." One of these steady-going folks—a lady of equine countenance—is usually put at the head of the table with a view to a semblance of order, and then the fun—we beg pardon, the business—begins. The first thing is to toss up, so to speak, for the charity. Of course, there has been a general idea that it must somehow be connected with the war, but in these things some certainty is desirable. A few letters of suggestion are read from the grantees who have selfishly honored the committee by their absence. The Red Cross is especially recommended, but the idea does not seem to commend itself as sufficiently unconventional. Indeed some get red and others cross at the very mention of a cause that, like the poor, is always with us. And then the discussion is started. It becomes the hubbub of Babel. Nothing is too outré for the peg on which to hang the performance. "Clubs for war widows," "Toffee for the front" are hardly caricatures. Capping the latter the humorist is heard to murmur, "Why not bracers for the back?" but he is unheeded, for no faddists however frivolous like to laugh at themselves. At last the steady-going chairwoman observes in a still, small voice, "Let us try something local." The Post Office Directory is fetched at once, but scarcely a district out of the West End is found to have been uncatered for. Is there not a hospital somewhere in Southwest Belgravia? By heaven, there is. A gasp of relief goes round. The performance then is to be in aid of the Southwest Belgravian Hospital.

*But what is the performance to be?*

There can hardly be a doubt. If it is not a variety show in a garden—usually too small, and now too often laid up with potatoes—it must, of course, be a revue. There is nothing like a revue for the photographers—who have the best of it by never

being photographed. There is nothing like a revue for everybody having a turn and a disappointment. The beauty-chorus (assisted by the real actors) will naturally monopolize the stage as usual, but the Cubist poet can help with the libretto, which *all* of them will "write," including Lady Catshanger, who immediately sets about forming an authors' and also a costumiers' committee. The comet pianist can help with the music if he will be so obliging as to get an orchestra together, and the Paulo-poster can help the scenery, which under his misty touch will need help almost divine if it is to be recognizable. The novelist can help not only by his influence and his pen, which indeed manages at last to oust most of the indignant others, and the jeune premier will organize (that is the word) a ballet to the great advantage of the beauty-chorus. It will be something classical, where naughtiness is etiquette, and where there is an infinite opening for partial costume. Who shall be the milliner? Why is there not a milliner on the committee? Everyone names the milliner who gives and does them credit. *Pas si bête* is Lady Catshanger, who dryly observes, "But I am a modiste. Haven't you heard? I took over Langouste's yesterday. I'll manage the costumes of Olympus—of course, at war rates—and the clothes must be rations, mustn't they? And what's more I'll dance myself, and (sinking her voice to the great scandal of the steady-goers) I shan't want too much on, I promise you." Following on which Quill suggests a ballet of Mrs. Grundy as a supplement, and this delicate contrast is hailed as a masterpiece by the beauty-chorus.

*What shall the revue be called?*

The novelist who, out of print, is singularly dull, suggests "The Belles of Belgravia." "Putrid," murmurs an

actor who, like so many, has been driven to the halls, and up again as a "star" of that firmament who kindly offers to press a whole comic constellation into dazzling choice. The Cubist poet vaguely murmurs "Dingles"—but nobody marks him. "Why not 'Langouste's,'" shrills Lady Catshanger, who loves to blush visibly. Then Quill comes gallantly to the rescue. "I vote for 'What's On?'" he pertinently observes, and the beauty-chorus hail him rapturously. A quarrel, however, begins—the precursor of many more for weeks in *all* the affiliated committees. Everyone speaks at once amid Olympian clouds of cigarette smoke. Some even call each other names, while the novelist commercially jots down notes in his (exceedingly) commonplace-book. The president rings her diminutive bell several times, but the voices drown the bell—that bell of Belgravia. Here, again, Quill proves the god of the machine. "Do," he pleads, "*do* let us speak well of each other behind our backs." Peace is restored.

*When is the performance to take place?*

Here, again, there is another discord. Not one day will suit everybody, and so far as the beauty-chorus is concerned no day or hour in the year would seem unoccupied—in the name of charity. However, as night seems to be their chief period of self-sacrifice, an afternoon is eventually settled. The rehearsals are another burning question. Once the parts are arranged, is it any good rehearsing at all? One rehearsal is so like another. Only half of any requisite number ever turn up at all, and so one only secures a half-impression—which, however, is the ideal of the Cubist poet. The actors, however, suddenly become stern. There must be rehearsals and they will get Horace Blackline to "produce" the masterpiece—that is, if he can spare the time, for what with

charities and actualities he is the hardest worked man in London. The beauty-chorus smiles. They know that even he cannot manage *them*.

And so to chaos succeeds a kind of order—the germ of fresh and complex anarchies, however, in future. The next committee meeting is, if you can call it so, “arranged.” Everyone, except the real actors and actresses, is highly excited, and Lady Hunter dreams that night of the dear duke who, throughout, maintains a patrician silence. One thing, however, he (and the beauty-chorus) promised: the certainty of a prodigal audience; stalls at *The Saturday Review*.

four guineas apiece in these socialist times, for, as he justly remarks, “the more you charge ‘em, the better they like it.” “‘Em” are the war-nouveaux-riches, patriots to the bone.

When the day comes the hospital is substantially helped—that is the best of it. But it cannot be said, in this instance, that Charity “vaunteth not herself,” though she certainly suffers long from the monotony of these orgies. And, as certainly, she is “puffed up,” for the publicity is colossal, and the Paulo-poster paints a poster called “Charity,” which looks like an earthquake engulfing a monument.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their “Whole World Series” of music folios, D. Appleton & Co. add “Songs the Whole World Sings,” a collection of more than two hundred sentimental, home, college, patriotic, sacred, southern, national and children’s songs, each one arranged to be played or sung; “Dance Music the Whole World Plays,” containing ninety or more standard and modern compositions by the most celebrated dance-music composers; and “Piano Pieces the Whole World Plays,” a collection of seventy or more popular compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chaminade, Chopin, Godard, Gounod, Grieg, MacDowell, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Paderewski, Rubinstein, Schubert and others.

Any fanciful child, and not a few grown persons who are not of a too serious temper, will like to taste Walter de la Mare’s “Peacock Pie,” a book of whimsical and diverting rhymes, ranging sometimes through fairyland and sometimes through the land of every-day, but always light and gay. There are eighty or more of them, and each of them is decorated with a drawing

by W. Heath Robinson—an artist whose mood is as merry as the poet’s who sings the verses. Here is one of the rhymes—“Poor Henry”—which will appeal to any child:

Thick in its glass  
The physic stands,  
Poor Henry lifts  
Distracted hands;  
His round cheek wans  
In the candlelight,  
To smell that smell!  
To see that sight!

Finger and thumb  
Clinch his small nose,  
A gurgle, a gasp,  
And down it goes;  
Scowls Henry now;  
But mark that cheek,  
Sleek with the bloom  
Of health next week!

Henry Holt & Co.

“In the Claws of the German Eagle” is the thrilling title under which Albert Rhys Williams gives his account of war experiences. These were most exciting. At one time Mr. Williams was held in prison for a couple of days as a

German spy. While his adventure differed but little from that of many others—he was not so seriously threatened as Richard Harding Davis—still it held the threat of death. More unusual is his chapter "On Foot with the German Army"; for the author tramped out into Belgium, thirty-seven miles in one day, along with the hordes of occupation; and his picture, both of invaded and invaders, is full of spirit and sympathy. Study at a German university has taught him to respect the Teuton, to realize his homely goodness, and the German is no monster in these pages. Indeed Mr. Williams is notably fair for so ardent an admirer of the Belgians. The book is written with verve and imagination. Excellent photographs illustrate the text. E. P. Dutton and Co.

It is impossible in a few lines to express the spirit of so revolutionary a volume as Randolph Bourne's "Education and Living." It has two aspects; one of scorn for the old type of education that "keeps up the tradition of a leisured and cultured wealth;" the other of intense admiration for John Dewey and his theory that "All education can do is to provide the experience, and stimulate, guide, organize interests." Education is an awakening of "interests"—the word is a fetish with this author—in things to be studied, not a cramming up on predigested ideals of literature, the technical manipulation of dead languages. Mr. Bourne is the preacher of a propaganda, the disciple of a prophet crying aloud in the streets, and is to be accepted as such. His fulmination will help to awaken a new interest in teaching, and change both theory and practice for modern education; but the whole of his sermonizing will scarcely be accepted. The new, as ever, will grow slowly out of the old; meantime the reading public is indebted to the prophet for a vivid, thought-compelling book. The Century Co.

Pierre Loti's "War," which Marjorie Laurie has translated into excellent English, is a series of sketches and impressions of the world-war, charged with passion against the ruthless perpetrators of atrocities in France, and full of pity for the sufferers from them. The sketches range in date from August, 1914, to April, 1916. They are all the fruit of personal experience and observation. Some of them relate to the fighting at the front, others to the havoc wrought by the Germans in occupied towns, and others still to the sufferings of Belgian fugitives, men, women and little children, fleeing anywhere before the German armies. There is no sequence to them, except as all are incidents in the one great tragedy. Each is of independent interest and carries its own story. There are no illustrations—and no need of any, for Pierre Loti is a master of the art of word-painting. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Holmes W. Merton's "How to Choose the Right Vocation" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is a practical and comprehensive manual, well adapted to meet the modern demand for efficiency. To an analysis and description of vocational mental abilities and characteristics it adds numerous mental tests intended to help the reader to self-chart his vocational aptitude, and to these again specific directions as to the ability requirements in more than fourteen hundred professions, businesses, trades and skilled vocations, supplemented by hundreds of self-testing questions. There could hardly be a more helpful handbook for anyone considering the requirements of any particular occupation with a view to determining his own fitness or unfitness for entering it.

Under the title "The World at War" are grouped twenty or more essays by Georg Brandes discussing

various aspects of the present war and the causes which led up to it. Most of the essays were written since the war began, but the first five were anticipatory and in a sense prophetic, the first, written in 1881, being a "Foreboding," and presenting a vision of the future which is now, unhappily, in process of fulfilment. Brandes is not a partisan of any of the Powers, or of either group of them; he is a keen and caustic critic of all of them by turns, and of the short-sighted diplomacy and crass ambitions which led up to the great world struggle. There will be few readers who will follow Brandes in all of his conclusions, but even those who disagree with him will find his views suggestive and illuminating. This is especially true of the essays on *The Fundamental Causes of the World War* and *Different Points of View on the War*—both of them written in 1914. The Macmillan Co.

Three books for young readers come together from the press of The Page Co. "The Barbarians" by Brewer Coreoran, author of "The Road to Le Reve," is a lively story of school-boy life, which introduces its characters without any preludes on the first page, as if they were all old friends, and follows their sports and adventures—baseball, football, snowballing and all the rest—with keen zest, through three hundred pages. A half dozen illustrations are contributed by Walter S. Rogers. "The House on the Hill" by Margaret R. Piper, is a story for girls, full of incident, with diverting things happening in every chapter, and a slender thread of romance running through it—a romance which reaches a pleasant consummation in the last chapter.

Six illustrations by Elizabeth Withington interpret it agreeably. "The Sandman: His Songs and Rhymes," by Jenny Wallis, supplements pleasantly the Sandman Stories of William J. Hopkins and Harry W. Frees with a collection of verses of varying mood and by many authors, which are well calculated to beguile and entertain children when sleepy-time comes. The compiler herself contributes a dozen or more pieces to the volume, and both her own verse and the range of her selections show an understanding of childhood and an affectionate solicitude to minister to its needs. There are seventeen illustrations,—the frontispiece in full colors.

An earnest straightforward book, full of arresting facts skilfully arranged, is that written by Grace Abbott and named "The Immigrant and the Community." The community is primarily Chicago and, in the larger outlook, America. The author, as a resident of Hull House and director of The Immigrants' Protective League, is well qualified to urge upon the people of the United States the claims of the foreigner who seeks a home on our shores. Her chapters deal with—the journey; the first job; the problems of the immigrant girl; protection against exploitation; the immigrant and the courts, the public health, poverty, industrial democracy, education. The style of the book is lucid, the thinking sane and profound, the cases cited illuminating. The reader feels that justice is being given to victim and victimizer, that the case of the foreigner needs far more careful attention for the very sake of the native-born American. Miss Abbott expects an influx of unmarried women from all over Europe when the war shall cease. The Century Co.